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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[FRIEND OR FOE.]

EMERALD AND RUBY, WITH A DIAMOND HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Golden Apple," "Miss Arlingcourt's Will," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WELL," said Captain Mathew, coming into Mrs. Nickerson's cosy retreat and drawing a long breath, which was pretty nearly a sigh—"well, Mercy, I give it up."

"Give what up, Mathew? I'm sure I haven't an idea what you mean," returned the worthy lady, holding her needle suspended in mid-air.

"Why, about that lad. He must have taken up his father's account of matters between us, or he would at least have answered my letter. I'm sorry."

"Oh!" ejaculated his wife, with a significant inflection of voice that declared her sudden discovery of his meaning. "Well, I'm sure the loss is his own."

"That's true. And it's just why I feel so sorry. I've been hoping and hoping to see him or his signal heave in sight. But it's too late now."

And Captain Mathew sighed again.

"I wouldn't let it trouble me," said Mrs. Nickerson, soothingly. "I am sure it is very ungrateful of him, as well as very unwise. I have no doubt he is a stubborn, self-willed fellow. And you have Andrew Courtney. It does me good to see how much you enjoy his company."

"Yes, I like him. He is a very sensible, well-behaved fellow, and knowing, for one brought up on hand. But—"

And here the old captain paused to clear his throat, and then he turned his face away from her, and began brushing away at an imaginary speck of dirt on his sleeve.

Mrs. Nickerson put down her work, and looked at him wistfully.

"The amount of it is, I miss Robert's quick, frank

ways. I get a little tired of such proper talk, and I have been hoping that this young fellow would come, and be something of that sort, off-hand, and quick in his ways," continued her husband, hurriedly. "Mathew, Mathew! we shall never have anything like Robert's ways again!" answered she, sorrowfully. "We might as well settle down to that."

"I know, I know," returned he, drawing his hand across his eyes. "But it does seem as if we might find someone to seem something like him. And about this lad. I wanted to somehow make up to him for the hatred I had for his father. It gives me an ugly feeling to remember how poor Lizzy used to beg of me to try to like that man, and how fierce I was against him. Not but I was right in the main. He was a villain, but then I needn't have been so harsh to her, nor so hard on him. I think of it now. Poor Lizzy! dead and gone so many years."

"Why, Mathew, my old man, I never saw you so down-hearted before," exclaimed the anxious wife.

"Oh, it's nothing special, except that I'm disappointed again. The mail is in, and no sort of a letter for me. Young Laurence Lermont don't mean to be friends."

"The more shame to him! Don't give him another thought. Come down into the garden. Andrew is making some sort of a floral basket for Rose. We must all take a long drive to-day. I've been thinking of taking them over to see Prudence Wise. Rose was longing to see her weeks ago, and Andrew must be entertained by such an original character. I'll take over a root of that new monthly, and ask for some of the balsams she raises in such superb colours, and that will be excuse enough for our call."

"Let us go, by all means," responded Captain Mathew, briskly. "Prudence Wise is a woman worth knowing, and I'll confess she can hold her own against the best of us men."

And accordingly, after lunch, the four took their places in the cosy open phaeton for a drive of three miles, or thereabout. Captain Mathew laughingly teased the reins to Andrew.

"That's one accomplishment sailors get no credit for. I'll not make an exhibition of my driving before you, Andrew."

Andrew was in no wise displeased to hold the reins which guided such a pair of sleek bays.

"And pray why not?" asked Mrs. Nickerson, laughing heartily.

She had resolved within herself to be very gay and bright upon this drive, to cheer up her husband's flagging spirits. The good woman began to perceive that his love for the lost son was not the feeble flame she had been tempted to believe it. She knew, at last, that the wound the brave old heart concealed, rankled all the more painfully, and woman-like, she roused herself from her own sadness to be able to brighten his.

"Yes, indeed, imagine it!" echoed the captain. "I do hope we shall catch Prudence and Clover together. We shall lose half if we fail of that."

"Prudence and Clover. Odd names—at least, the last. Are they sisters?" commented Andrew.

"They're dear friends, certainly," replied Mrs. Nickerson; "but Prudence is the mistress, and Clover is the horse."

"Indeed, the animal ought to be well-conditioned to deserve his name."

"So he is. Prudence would as soon go without her own dinner as fail to give Clover his. She is a very peculiar person, is Prudence Wise, not one in a hundred, for I think you might count ninety-nine people in a great many places, and not come upon one Prudence. She has lived in her present quarters going on ten years now. When she first came, it was as forlorn and wretched looking a farm as could be found within twenty miles, and she herself—I have her word for it—had just one hundred and fifty pounds left, after purchasing the farm, as her sole worldly fortune. Well, well, I never know when to stop when I get to talking about Prudence. But there was the wild neglected land, and the shambling, tumble-down house, and—will you please to look, both of you—here we come in sight of the farm and the cottage!"

"What a charming little spot! Oh, Mrs. Nickerson! isn't that veranda lovely? Do look at those flowers!" cried Rose, in delighted admiration.

"Everything grows lovely that Prudence Wise touches," answered Mrs. Nickerson, eagerly. "She has a wonderful picturesque taste, and her industry and energy border on the marvellous."

And she rose up in the carriage, and looked all around her eagerly, murmuring:

"I wish we might find her somewhere on the farm at work, that is the best treat."

"What exquisite order!" added Andrew, vaguely impressed by the harmonising elements of the scene, in which one feature blended to another like the melting colours of a rainbow. "Do you mean that the woman planned all this without a landscape gardener?"

"To be sure she did, and half is the labour of her own hands. Didn't I tell you she was a wonderful creature? Oh, Mathew, there she is! Drive over there," commanded Mrs. Nickerson, triumphantly. "You shall see for yourself."

And so the carriage whirled along the smoothly-gravelled drive, and took them near enough to see a tall, straight figure.

She took several turns before discovering the spectators, but the moment she did so, she came to meet them, taking off broad straw hat as she did so.

There was not the slightest appearance of discomposure or agitation in her look or voice. She did not seem aware that she had come from any more unwomanly employment than an embroidery frame or a crochet-needle would have been. Indeed, many a fine lady in her stately drawing-room has lacked the easy grace and dignity, the hearty hospitality and generous welcome of Prudence Wise's look and words, when she came forward to the carriage, and stretched out a large but shapely hand, from which she drew hastily the leather glove.

"My good friends, Captain Nickerson, and that best of consorts, how glad I am to see you, and how long it is since you have favoured Industry Cottage with your presence! You will drive around to the house, and honour me by staying to tea!"

"Thank you, Prudence, thank you, nothing could be more agreeable to us all, I am sure, but I think it is hardly practicable to-day. We have two young friends with us, you see—Miss Henderson and Mr. Courtney."

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance," returned Prudence Wise, promptly, looking with sincere pleasure into the face of pretty Rose. "All the more shall I be delighted to have the little party for tea. I have a young bird in my own nest, Mrs. Nickerson. You know I told you about the girl I had at school. She is home now, and I am as happy as the day's long. Do stay, and give Bertha a glimpse of a youthful face."

"A youthful face," responded the captain, heartily. "I'd like to know, Prudence Wise, what you call your own? If ever I saw the impersonation of youth and health it is you. I don't believe you can grow old. Look at those black braids, and the complexion—clear pink and white. Where do you find a young girl's like it?"

Prudence laughed, and the clear, resonant tones rang across the field, at which Clover turned and whinnied.

"I can tell any of the girls where to find it," she said quickly. "Out in the pure air, in the early morning, taking the fresh dew, and the ripening sunshine, and the healthy fragrance of Mother Earth. Did God mean all these golden blessings for men alone? That is heaven's truth. You say that I am young. I laughed with joy just now to feel how strong and vigorous I was, and I blessed Heaven that had led me, through bitter ways, to find the true delight of healthy life, out in the fields, instead of fading, and weakening, and sickening, like other women, in hot rooms, with their endless stitching."

"There you are, Prudence," joked the captain, "but it is well enough for us to have the homely in the commencement. We grant you that if all women could follow up such a triumphant course as yours, we would straightway consent to revolutionise society. It is true enough our women lack health and strength in a sad fashion."

"Take them out of hothouses, then, and plant them in God's open fields, where air, and sun, and dew come without regard to etiquette or fashion. Miss Henderson, here, should come and visit me, and I would soon show you roses on those pale cheeks. I should set her to transplanting roots, or picking seeds, as like as not. The hands might get roughened, but the cheeks would bloom, and the eyes out-shine diamonds," answered their hostess, with kindling earnestness.

Her head was thrown back while she spoke, her eyes shone, a vivid colour bloomed in her cheeks, but the rest of the face was of a clear, healthy tint, richer than lily white, and aglow with a vitality and

coolness that held its own beauty. A magnificent woman, even there in her coarse garments, as she had come from the field. Even Andrew Courtney could not help acknowledging it, though a thrill of annoyance was disturbing his mind. He had met Prudence Wise before. Only a week previously he had met a woman in this Prudence's peculiar costume; her face quite buried under an old straw bonnet, digging for roots by the wayside. He felt a hot, uncomfortable sensation, remembering the rude address, the foolish sneers he had given her. He prayed devoutly that she would not recognise him, and flattered himself that she did not, when she gave him her hand lightly, and spoke courteously.

Not that he was as yet much impressed, except with the oddity of Prudence Wise's character; but it was so plain how much the Nickersons valued her, and what she might tell, would perchance injure him in their good graces.

And now that he knew something about her antecedents, and had looked upon her more closely, he was compelled to yield his own admiration, however, reluctantly. For she stood there before them in such simple dignity, looking so grandly calm, and strong, and resolute a creature, so self-reliant, so free from the dependent helplessness of her sex, and yet womanly and refined in every look and gesture, that he felt to wondering vaguely if Zenobia could ever have worked a field, or Hypatia transplanted roots, and looked like this woman.

"Well, Prudence, you are at your old tricks, I see," said the captain, breaking in upon her mood, for somehow he did not enjoy it, possibly because, as he had hinted, she made him feel so puny and insignificant, he with his ten talents of strength that had not all been put to use.

"Yes," laughed she, turning around and looking over to the fields. "I have not done such work of late, I know. But you see Farmer Stunner promised to come and do this a fortnight ago, and day after day I've been disappointed, and I know it ought to be sown down before another rain. And so to-day I seemed to have a little superfluous strength, and I thought I'd try and see if Clover and I had forgotten the old ways. So I got out the little plough I had made for Clover and me, and it's been just good sport. But we'll leave it now, and you'll come into the house a bit, to see Bertha."

Mrs. Nickerson knew by the eager look on Rose's face that the girl was anxious to go, and consented.

"Then I'll go and take out Clover. The darling would stay there, stock still, until I came back, if it was two hours or six; but I never try her patience, except there is good reason. Drive on, and I'll join you in a moment."

She went back and unfastened the horse. Clover looked a little puzzled at such sudden change of movement, but rubbed his head against her arm, and then followed close beside her as she walked down toward the house.

"Do you mean that the woman takes all the care of this place?" asked Andrew, in amazement.

"All the care, certainly, and for many years her hands performed every stroke of work. Now that she is comfortably off she hires help upon the rough work. But there isn't a servant on the place. She takes care of the house, and you will see that it is the perfection of neatness, and she looks after Clover and White-ear, the cow. I look upon her with a great deal of pride, because, you see, it proves that if we are developed by the necessary exercise, and get our intended share of air and sun, we women need not be such insignificant creatures after all. But then, Prudence Wise is a remarkable exception; one must grant that. Her energy and self-reliance are wonderful. And yet she will tell you, she would never have thought herself capable of such things, if she had not been forced into it," explained Mrs. Nickerson.

"Has she no relatives?" enquired Rose.

"I think not. She has never confided her past history to me. I only know that which dates from her possession of this place. See that horse following her! I believe he knows more than many human beings. Prudence brought him up from a colt. I believe either would pine away if they should be separated. No, I know nothing of Prudence's past, except that I have always understood it held some great trial, from which she rose up a changed creature. And here we are."

"What a lovely nest!" exclaimed Rose; "what did she call it?"

"Industry Cottage. No drones allowed, you understand. Yes, it is charming. Do you see how vines and flowers are festooning everything? There are rustic baskets of earth suspended from those gables in the roof, and great shells also, holding nourishing earth, thrust into every conceivable position. She says she just plants the seeds, or the cutting, and puts them up in place, and they take care of themselves, since dew and air can get at them. You'll

find her a monomaniac on that point. She thinks the common life of women so suicidal and wicked."

They had arrived at the steps which led to a latticed porch, which was a perfect bower of blossoming, and Andrew checked the horses, and fastened them.

"Walk in. I'll be there in one moment," called the rich musical voice.

And Mrs. Nickerson led the way into a cosy parlour which was a picture in itself, although there was nothing costly or elaborate in it. For all the colours harmonised, and here, as everywhere, the rich perfume and trailing beauty of flowering plants overflowed vase, and shell, and hanging pots.

"I should hardly take it for an Amazon's lair," observed Andrew Courtney, with a little shrug of the shoulders, as he seated himself in the easy chair.

"That is the peculiarity of Prudence Wise," explained Mrs. Nickerson; "one can find plenty of pleasant women in the old countries to illustrate the amount of drudgery, and the strength of muscle a woman may gain, but here there is no loss of refinement or kindness, or of knowledge. Indeed the latter, in Prudence's case, broadens out beyond my telling. She is always interested in everything, and takes pains to enquire into cause and effect. See that well-filled shelf of books! She laughs when I marvel at the variety of her information, and says after reading she goes out into the fields, and there everything comes back to her, with twice the original power and clearness."

She paused, for they heard approaching steps, and in a moment the door unclosed, and Prudence Wise came in, followed by a young lady. The former looked worthy to enact her part as mistress of the house. Despite the brief time since they had seen her out with Clover in the working suit, she had managed to make a change of costume, and the black silk dress and lace collar were becoming to the dignity of the face, the power and grace of the form. Her unusual height showed to advantage now, and the singular clearness of complexion, and bloom of cheek. You would never have believed she could be a day beyond thirty, and yet her true age was forty-two.

She turned with a proud and happy smile to the beautiful girl beside her.

"Dear Mrs. Nickerson and Captain Mathew, I am so glad to show you my Bertha. I am to keep her at home now, and you must learn to be good friends."

"I did not know such a lovely flower bloomed at Industry Cottage," declared the old captain, gallantly, while he shook the young lady's hand heartily, "what will Miss Prudence do, put you to a ploughing match?"

Prudence laughed as well as the others.

"No," she answered; "I don't think in her case it will be required, but I mean to teach her to despise weakness and incompetency—to teach her muscles what they were given for, so that when demand comes she may be ready to answer, and then she added:

"And this, Bertha, is Miss Henderson. I am glad she has come, for I am afraid you have missed the young faces of your schoolmates."

"I am rejoiced to see Miss Henderson," replied Bertha, in a sweetly modulated voice, and with perfect ease of manner; "but you must not think I can grow lonesome in your society, Aunt Prudence."

"And here is Mr. Courtney," said Captain Mathew.

Had Prudence forgotten that she had not introduced her young friend to the young gentleman?

Andrew made his most graceful bow. There was something in Bertha's piquante, foreign face that had deeply touched his fancy. Her colour rose a little as he drew her into conversation by taking up a small portfolio of prints from the table, and asking a question or two concerning them, but in a moment or two they were chatting as freely as old acquaintances, Rose joining in occasionally. The elderly people had the sofa to themselves; but presently Prudence's disappearance and return with a snow-draped tray, gathered them together in a group.

The amber and ruby jelly quivering under a blanket of cream, the fragrant cake, the currant wine of her own manufacture, bespoke the hostess mistress of the kitchen as well as the field.

Andrew praised everything. How he enjoyed this gay and easy life! He had decided that Miss Wise did not remember the unpleasant episode of their first meeting, and his spirits rose extravagantly. The two girls smiled and sparkled under his merry sallies.

When at last the party took leave, it was only by receiving Prudence's promise to bring Bertha for a visit the next day.

"Did you say the young lady was her daughter?"

asked Andrew, the moment they were on the highway.

"Oh, no! I am very sure she is no relation at all. There is some sort of a story about it. I think she picked the child up at some disastrous railroad acci-

dent. But she has adopted her into her affections as a daughter, it is plain to see," replied Mrs. Nickerson. "She is a very charming girl. How much dignity and self-possession she showed," said Ross, warmly. "That would come of my favourite's training," laughed Mrs. Nickerson. "Prudence Wise is a heroine I am proud to endorse on every occasion."

CHAPTER XIV.

Tib roused abruptly out of a sweet Arcadian dream as a hand was laid heavily upon her shoulder. She opened those violet eyes, still full of the haziness of dreamland, and stared at the strange man, who stared back accordingly.

"Come, come, wake up! What are you doing here? A strange place, I should think, for a girl like you to be in."

Tib looked around, beyond the boy whose open mouth and compassionate eyes showed behind the farmer, into the field, and the sight of the ewe brought back her confused thoughts.

A low exclamation of grief escaped her as she rose and slipped down out of the hay, but she said, with a poor little assumption of dignity:

"I beg your pardon if I did wrong to sleep on your hay; but I was tired. I will go away."

And she picked up her shoes, and began putting them on with hurrying hands.

"Not so fast, miss. I want to know how you came here in my field."

"I came over from the highway; it was so much pleasanter than the road, where the people stare at you so," faltered Tib, trying bravely to keep from crying.

"Humph! yes, I understand. I think there was a man inquiring for a girl of your size this morning. What do you think of yourself, to be running away from a good home?"

He put on such a stern look that Tib could no longer restrain the tears. They slipped over the long eyelashes, and splashed down on the little thin cheek, but through them flashed a glance of indignation.

"Running away from a good home? I ain't doing any such thing! As if I should be likely to run away from a good home, and sleep on haystacks!" retorted she, bitterly. "Is it likely anybody would do that?"

"No, it ain't, father," pronounced the boy, with due emphasis.

"Hold your tongue, Davy! You just come along with me, young miss. We'll talk this thing over at my house."

"But I want to go on my way," begged Tib. "I ought to have gone before, only I slept so long."

"Where is your way? Let me see what sort of a story you tell," sneered the man.

She named the town.

"Well, who lives there? Who are you going to see?"

"I am going to try to find a home, to earn my living," sobbed Tib.

"But why didn't you stay where you were?"

"Because I couldn't!" was all Tib would tell.

"It's plain to see that you have been a naughty girl. Come along with me," said the farmer.

The poor girl cast a furtive glance around her. What should she do? Should she try to fly, to hide herself in the wood? An instant's reflection showed her the folly of the thought, and yet she was desperate enough to make the attempt. But at that moment Davy stepped back, ostensibly to attend to the sick ewe, but Tib saw him gesticulating behind his father's back in rather grotesque fashion. She had wit enough to understand that the pantomime expressed friendliness to her cause, and she rightly interpreted his gesture towards the house to mean that she was to accompany them without resistance.

So she went, very sorrowfully, and with a heart full of anxious forebodings. To be taken back now, into Joe Damer's clutches, to endure the widow's wrath, and Miss Araminta's vituperation,—Tib knew so well what all three would be.

No, no, anything before that. She had a vague hope that she might find women in the house whose compassion she might enlist, although, poor soul, her hard experience had taught her to look for sternness and anger, rather than kindness, in everybody.

The farmer took her straight into a large kitchen, which was littered with every conceivable article of domestic or farm use, and which looked, to eyes accustomed to the immaculate order and cleanliness of widow Damer's domicile, like the impersonation of untidiness.

Two women, and a girl younger than Tib, gathered around her in voluble enquiry. A single look at their faces showed Tib she had nothing to hope from them.

In their eyes she was evidently only a badly behaved tramp, who had run away from her duties.

"Dear me!" said the wife, "I always said these Union girls were worse than none. They are always giving trouble. Lo-i-zy, go and lock the cupboard door."

And Lo-i-zy, a slatternly girl near Tib's age, hustled across the room, and obeyed. Little Tib's sensitive lip quivered.

Davy saw it, and his mother would have heard his plain opinion of her behaviour, only the father remained to say something in a low voice to a man shelling beans in the corner.

"You'd better put her into the bedroom, mother," said he, as he came away, "and give her some bread and cheese. I can't start for an hour or two, 'cause Jones is coming over after our corn to carry to mill."

"Are you going to carry her back, father?" asked Davy, in a low voice, not intending Tib should hear the answer.

But the poor child's ears were on the alert, and caught the whole.

"Of course I am. Do you think I'm so foolish as to lose the reward?"

Davy went out without a word, and then the woman, after another cold, suspicious glance, said:

"I say, girl, you're to come in here and wait, and led the way into a little seven by nine bedroom, which was filled up with a table, a bedstead, and two chairs."

Tib sat down by the window and looked out longingly, noting which, the farmer's wife walked out around to the outside of the window and fastened it down with an iron rod. Tib only choked a little more, and wondered if Heaven had grown tired of caring for her.

How long she sat there, crushed, forlorn, sick at heart, she could not tell. But her head had fallen on her bosom, and her eyes were closed, when she was aroused by a slight scratching against the glass.

She turned quickly. Davy was there, his homely, freckled face full of sincere pity and warm friendliness. He put his lips against the glass.

"Don't you fret! I'll manage it. You shan't go. I've got a plan. Just you watch," he whispered, in disjointed sentences.

She clasped her hands and made him a grateful gesture.

Davy nodded his comprehension of all that, and darted away, whistling shrilly. Some one had evidently come in sight. Tib saw in a moment what it was, a covered market-cart, which drove up a little beyond the window, and stopped.

"Here's the man for those kegs of butter, wife," called out the farmer from outside.

And then Tib heard quite a commotion in the kitchen, and clumsy feet went down into the cellar. The whole family evidently proceeded thither, for someone came and turned the key of the bedroom so the prisoner could not escape. Davy did not lose the opportunity. He came into the house hurriedly, and then ran out again, and got up into the waggon, and was busy there a minute, and then he rushed to the window, hauled down the bar his mother had placed there, and knocked gently, whispering:

"Open the window gently, little one."

Tib, be sure, obeyed with alacrity.

Davy had slyly shied a stone at the horse, which moved on a little and stopped. He chuckled, and the operation was repeated. This was done three times, until the market waggon was abreast of the window.

"Now climb out quick," commanded Davy, his eyes in every quarter, "and don't make a noise, if you want to get out of their clutches."

And to cover any noise, he began whistling again, and stamping with his feet.

Tib was out of the window like a deer. Such a new pulse of hope leaped through all her being. Only her eyes asked of the boy what next?

He motioned to the back of the waggon, whose canvas cover he had unfastened.

"I've made a place between the kegs, where you can squeeze in," he whispered. "He had that old blanket pulled over 'em. He won't put our butter back, 'cause there ain't room for it, and there's plenty in front. Just you lay still, like a smart gal, and don't be frightened. When he drives off I know he won't stop till he gets to Squire Walker's. I heard him say that basket of eggs was to go there. He'll take it and run in. And then's your time to make tracks. Slip out, and clear off; the road beyond leads to the town your wanting to go to. And there's a little bundle of bread and cheese you'll find—and—good luck to you!"

The last was said while the boy was hastily fastening the back of the waggon, and when Tib had squeezed herself into the space he had made, and pulled the blanket over her.

"Oh, I can't tell you how good I think you are," came in a broken, smothered voice that was full of tears.

"Never you mind that," returned Davy, drawing his frock sleeve across his eyes.

And then he walked off whistling, and went to a chopping block near at hand, and began cutting upon a pile of brushwood heaped there.

In a few minutes more the farmer appeared, followed by the other two men, each bearing a keg of butter. As Davy had foreseen, they were packed into the empty space in front. The payment was hastily made. Davy knew that also, for he heard the butter merchant tell of his hurry to get the butter down to the station ready for a train. The man leaped in and drove off.

The moment he was clear of the yard Davy gave a sudden whoop.

"Father, father! I see something running, like all possessed, down the field. It ain't that gal out, is it? No, it can't be, it must be one of the heifers."

His father looked hastily towards the house while in the very act of pocketing his money, and thundered out an anathema, for he beheld the open window.

"The good-for-nothing hussy! She's up to the trade, that's certain. But she can't get far. We can catch her. Run, Barney—run, Davy, and cut her off down by the four acre lot."

Davy ran out of sight and hearing, where he held a queer sort of pantomime, all to himself, dancing, and snapping his fingers, ending in a low-spoken:

"Poor little pretty creature! they may run and not find her. I ain't going to be a brute, if father is!"

And Tib, with a heart beating loudly, crouching there among the butter tubs, and half-smothered beneath the blanket, was borne along in the market waggon. She was as still as a mouse in hearing of the cat, but she need have been under no apprehension. The driver's thoughts were all occupied with his business. He was thinking how much he might be able to charge a pound for the butter to clear the largest profit to himself. Now and then he broke forth in a queer sort of rustic ditty, and again he talked to the horse, or called out to some pedestrian he knew, but to the butter kegs in the rear he gave no attention whatever, and had Tib moved, would only have set it down as the motion caused by the jolting of the waggon. Little Tib had no notion of moving, though the cramped position made her limbs ache. She had one hand closed over Davy's paper bag of bread and cheese, and the other pressed tightly against her heart, and all her faculties seemed merged into the single one of hearing.

It was a good four miles before the rattling waggon made a pause. Then with a cheery, "Whoa, Dobbin," the owner of the team threw down the reins, and took up the basket of eggs.

Tib's heart was in her mouth. Oh, would the kind Heaven that had helped her so far, still guard her from discovery? She stretched up her head and listened. His heavy tread upon some sort of paved walk echoed back distinctly. He had left the waggon. Oh, what if he did not also lose sight of it? She threw off the blanket, she mounted upon one of the firkins, clambered silently over the low back of the seat, and peeped out from the front of the canvas scoop. The man was standing at the gate, looking doubtfully at the front door. He seemed to think, however, that it was rather more befitting that the basket of eggs should go to the rear, for, after the moment's indecision, he walked round the house, and turned the corner. Tib leaped down, and was out of sight of the house before she dared to breathe freely. When at last she felt that she was safe, she slackened her pace, lifted up her head, and walked more like one who has a rightful claim to free action. She easily found the road of which Davy had advised her, and rightly judged that she had got beyond the track through which Joe Damer had posted after her as a runaway. Her experience was not without good use to her. She did not mean to skulk any more, nor, if she walked at night, to betray the fact. She would put on a bolder face. She had a right to be walking to find a place. Many poor girls, innocent of any wrong, must be obliged to do that. So she told herself. But she walked through the village briskly, without making a single enquiry of the frequent passers, and she waited until she was on a quiet road, with meadows on one side, and a long-stretching wood on the other, before she opened the bag provided by Davy's thoughtful kindness.

Well might the boy have been sustained in his happy and buoyant frame of mind under his father's ill humour throughout that day, for through it all Tib's thoughts were turning to him in grateful blessing. Oh, if only the time might come when she could be rich and great! How she would hunt for Davy, and heap upon him the most princely favours! The poor thing forgot half her own forlorn state, and present destitution, in the glowing visions with which she beguiled the weary path.

Her appetite was keen, and the bag had been sensibly lightened, when a waggon came along, and stopping abruptly, caused her to spring up from her resting-place, and hastily hide the food from sight.

Her consternation was in nowise diminished when she perceived that it was a market waggon, if not the same, then one very like that in which she had taken her stolen ride. A scared glance behind showed the heads of the firkins, and her heart sank. It was the same.

"I didn't know but you'd like a lift, miss, if you're going my way; this road is lonesome, and a long stretch," said the man, leaning out with a good-humoured smile.

"He doesn't know me," thought Tib, and then remembered that it was hardly to be expected he should, since he had not set his eyes upon her before. "Yes, sir, thank you; I would like to ride," answered she.

And he assisted her to the seat, and was kind and as good-natured as possible, entertaining her with explanations concerning the way as they passed, and presently producing an apple from his pocket, which he gave her, as he asked and learned her destination.

"It is a long journey for a young thing like you to try on foot."

"I have no money to spare. I've been working for my board, and I want to do better in the town."

"Hain't you no friends either?"

"Only a very few. None that are able to help me much. None of my own relations."

"You don't say so! That's rather hard. You look like a nice steady gal, too. Have you got a place likely?"

Tib shook her head sadly, and then added, more cheerfully,

"But I think I shall find one."

He scratched his head, cogitating.

"Now there was a woman I carried eggs to, two weeks ago come Wednesday. She was in a dreadful stew cause her girl had gone off. I reckon you would jest ent her. If you've a mind, I'll take you there and see about it."

Tib's eyes overran with tears.

Take her straight to a place—all the weary journey on foot avoided—all the perplexity and humiliation of seeking a situation saved! It seemed too beautiful! And to think how she had hid amongst her firkins at the first part of the journey. It made her feel like a criminal towards him.

The man had a good heart, and was quick in his feelings, though maybe rough and ignorant in his ways. He knew the language of the wet eye, the trembling lip.

"I'll see you in a place before night," reiterated he, "and you needn't think there's any great need of your thanks. I've a girl of my own, and I can think what might come to her, if anything happened to me. Now, my dear, you mustn't cry, no, you mustn't!"

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

ANOTHER Parisian improvement is contemplated—viz., the construction of iron galleries, enabling passengers to cross the more crowded streets, either under ground or by bridges. The designer of this accommodation is an architect, M. Emile Reine.

OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT ARARAT.—Cosmos states:—The Russian Government have resolved to establish an astronomical and meteorological observatory on this mountain, situated near Tiflis. In consequence of the excellent report given by M. Piazzzi Smyth of the fitness of such high situations, deduced from his experience in the Pic de Teneriffe.

ANOTHER TELEGRAPH SCHEME.—A scheme for bringing the Australian colonies into telegraphic communication with the mother country has been introduced. It is to be styled the British Australian Telegraph Company (Limited), and is created in connection with the five companies by which the various sections that will constitute the great through line from England to the East have already been put in active progress. The present work is to consist of a cable of 563 miles from Singapore to Batavia, to join the Dutch lines which run to the south-eastern extremity of Java, whence another cable of 1,162 miles will be laid to Port Darwin, in Australia, where a land line of 800 miles will connect the system with Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania. The capital is to be 660,000*l.*, in shares of 10*l.*, and the making of the entire line is to be confided to the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, at the contract price of 634,000*l.*, of which 120,000*l.* is to be in paid-up shares. The Falmouth and Malta, the Anglo-Mediterranean, the British Indian, and the British Indian Extension Companies are to allow the same rebate upon their through rates on all

messages forwarded over their route by this company as they have granted to the China Submarine Company, thus creating a reciprocity of interest calculated to operate as a strong inducement to the harmonious working of all. According to the prospectus, the estimates of profit, reckoning 25 daily messages from the Dutch Islands, and but 65 from the whole of the Australian colonies, is 121,665*l.*, or about 18 per cent. per annum, exclusive of local and Chinese traffic.

THE use of manganese compounds in glass manufacture is one of the earliest applications of this element; but the fact that glass which has been bleached by it afterwards undergoes a marked change, and in the course of a few months has entirely different optical properties, is not generally known. The oxide of manganese is put in to counteract the effect of oxides of iron, but, in course of time, the oxide is acted upon by the light and air, and colours the glass red. Many a photographer has been puzzled to know why the glass of his skylight no longer lets light through so as to give him good pictures, and many a gardener has been troubled by the parched appearance of the grapevines in his conservatory, and by the decrease in the yield of grapes; both of these phenomena are due to the fact of the presence of manganese in the glass and the consequent red colour. Red glass will not permit any chemical rays to pass, and hence the photographer can take no pictures. The same colour will let heat through to parch and dry the vines, but the life-giving rays are cut off. Thus, as our knowledge increases, we must order our glass to be made according to the laws of light, as well as of chemistry.

REASON FOR THE BAROMETER BEING AN INDICATOR OF STORMS.

SUPPOSE a storm to be represented by a cylinder of air turning on its axis, and advancing (like a wheel) at the same time. The base in contact with the land or sea encounters friction and obstructions, especially from hills, trees, and buildings, &c. From such causes the motion of the base of the cylinder will be retarded, and, consequently, the upper portion will lean forward. The storm, therefore, may begin at a considerable elevation above a place before the lower part has actually reached the place. This view obtains some support from the fact that the fall of a barometer during the first part of a storm is usually more gradual than the rise of the mercury during the latter part. If the axis were perpendicular to the place of the storm's centre on the surface of the earth, the barometer would there stand lowest. The leaning forward may produce the lowest barometer before the surface centre arrives at the place. From these considerations it may be easily conceived how the barometer may be affected some time before the storm has reached it, and thus afford a warning to those who are acquainted with its use and can appreciate its indications. The barometer is not only an indicator of the coming, but of the progress of storms also. Their approach is usually marked by a fall of the barometer. If the centre of the storm does not pass over the place, the barometer will fall until the part of the storm nearest the centre passes the place, after which it will rise. In those storms originating in the encounter of polar and equatorial aerial currents, the depression of the barometer is accompanied by a considerable change of temperature also.

The great storms which strike our shores have been considered by some scientific men as meteors having origin in the torrid zone, travelling westerly towards the tropics, there re-curling, and thence advancing north-easterly towards the polar regions, where they are supposed to die out. They are more generally believed to be the result of the encounter of polar with equatorial winds, to be confined to a comparatively small portion of the earth's surface, and to be limited in duration to a few days. Supposing the air over a considerable extent of the earth's surface to become much reduced in weight by copious precipitation of aqueous vapour, and heated by the latent heat given out by the vapour in its condensation, then the normal currents of the temperate zone would tend to restore the reduced pressure. But, in consequence of the rate of rotation of the parallels of latitude being slower the nearer they are to the earth's pole, the polar current has a westward tendency, and the equatorial an eastward tendency.

In this way they act as a mechanical couple upon the area of low pressure, and produce a whirlwind which must have an invariable direction of rotation. Meteorologists assert that the northern portion of each whirl maintains the distinguishing features of a polar wind—namely, heavy, cold, and dry air, but this has never been shown to be the case for a number of consecutive whirls, nor has it been satisfactorily explained. The cyclone once formed, the area of low pressure must rapidly be filling up, and the passage of polar wind to the south, and the equatorial

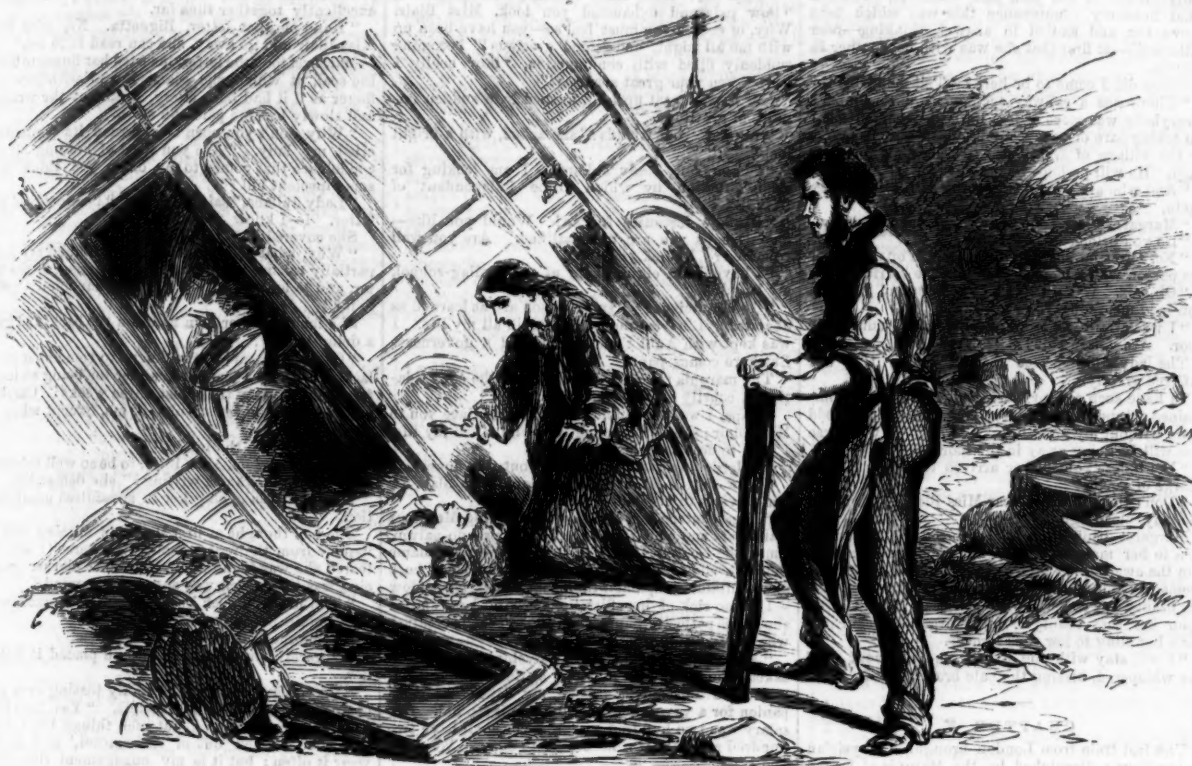
to the northward, must soon restore equilibrium of pressure, temperature, and humidity, and the poleward and equatorward portions of the whirl, at each rotation, must exhibit less and less difference of these characteristics. Although the whirlwind character of every tempest which strikes our shores is borne out by the official daily observations, yet prejudice and misapprehension still prevail, for many self-opinionated seamen may be met with who deride or deny the law of tempests, and who reckon as nothing the experience of hundreds of navigators, which affirms they have undoubtedly been the means of preserving many a ship from disaster.

PAPER-GLASS.—The Chinese use paper in place of glass for windows, which is mostly made in the Corea, and is often of large size, and as strong as a thick fabric. It is generally rough, but sometimes well-glazed, in which case it is worth sixpence or more per square yard. This paper is submitted to the action of steam, and then dressed with a mixture formed of oils of *Sterculia tomentosa* and of hemp-seed, mixed with white lead and castor-oil seeds. The paper used for covering umbrellas is prepared much in the same way, and resists the effects of rain and sun for a long time. Finer sorts are made of the *Broussonetia*, or silk paper, and are light as well as durable. The Chinese understand the use of rags in making paper, and have practised it in certain districts when other materials were scarce; they also collect and use up waste paper. It is to be remarked that for eighteen centuries the Chinese have used in paper-making various fibrous materials which we have only sought for during late years, as a substitute, entirely or in part, for rags. It must be remembered, however, that the Chinese are far less particular as to the colour or even the texture of their paper than we are.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.—According to M. Duchemin, the phosphorescence of the sea, the true cause of which has occupied so many minds, and given rise to so much speculation, is due to the presence of myriads of very small infusoria (*Noctiluca miliaris*). These animalcules emit light, produce phosphorescence, whenever they are agitated, either by mechanical means, by heat not exceeding 59 deg., for a temperature of 41 deg. kills the animals, and after their death neither electricity, nor the action of cold or alcohol, or the addition of an acid to the sea water, again brings about the phosphorescence. These infusoria are not killed by a strong degree of cold, which seems rather to excite the phosphorescence. An addition of 50 per cent. of fresh water to the sea water does not affect the infusoria, but if they are placed in entirely fresh water they are killed. The addition to sea water of alcohol and any dilute acid for a moment greatly excites the infusoria, and a brilliant phosphorescence is the consequence; but the experiment is fatal to them. When the infusoria are kept in perfect darkness for more than a fortnight, they still preserve their faculty of phosphorescence. Electric currents do not kill these beings, which, according to the author, cause to those bathing in the sea sometimes a peculiar exanthema. M. Duchemin's conclusions are the result of four years' observation on this subject.

TESTING GLUE AND GELATINE.—A correspondent writes:—"I add a test for the goodness of glue, which I have found very valuable. Assuming that 'that' is the best glue which will take up most water—Take fifty grs. of the specimen, and dissolve it in three ounces of water in a water-bath. When dissolved, set it by for one hundred and twelve hours, to gelatinise; then take a one ounce chip box, place it on the surface of the gelatine, and put 'shots' into the box till it sinks down to a 'mark' on the outside. It will be found that the stronger the glue the more shots it will take to sink the box down so that the mark shall be level with the surface of the gelatine. In a trial with Mitchell's glue, which is the finest I ever met with, fifty grs. of glue dissolved and gelatinised, with three ounces of water, supported, to the mark on the box, six ounces of shots, at a temperature of 58 deg. F. On trying the same experiment with best Russian isinglass, fifty grs., dissolved in three ounces of water, supported nine ounces of shots, the temperature being the same. Russian isinglass, therefore, is one-third stronger than glue in gelatinising power; but, as Russian isinglass is worth 8*l.*, and best glue is worth but 3*l.* the cwt., there is no fear that the former will ever supersede the latter.

FREE TRADE IN FRANCE.—There has been a debate in the French Senate on free trade. The argument was all on one side. M. Rouher, who, though out of office, has great influence, declared "in his soul and conscience, and after long study, that free trade was the law of the future, and the condition of high civilisation, and that the commercial inquiry would show that peace depended on free trade."



[THE RAILWAY DISASTER.]

FAITHFUL MARGARET.

CHAPTER IV.

THE letter of St. Udo Brand astonished the executors of Ethel Brand's will; and their chagrin was intense when Miss Walsingham decisively informed them that they must find means to convey the property to the rightful heir, as she would never become mistress of Seven Oak Waste. They earnestly tried to combat her "quixotic" resolve; but she remained immovable. She would, she said, become a teacher, a companion in some family, anything but the mistress of Seven Oak Waste.

And so, at an early hour next morning, Margaret Walsingham, with all her worldly possessions in a small valise, and bearing letters of unmeasured recommendation from Dr. Gay and Mr. Davenport, entered a railway carriage. She was on her way to London, in the hope of getting a situation that would take her out of the country.

She sat absorbed in reverie until the train paused at a village station, and a lady, escorted by a young naval officer, entered the carriage and took the seat opposite Margaret. Then with a shriek the train dashed on again.

Margaret's eyes lingered wistfully on the blooming face, the sylph-like form, the pure golden hair of the beautiful and bright young being before her. Fervently she loved beauty and for its sake loved this rare creature. She gazed through a mist of admiring tenderness and forgot her troubles.

And then a piercing shriek of engines filled the air; a few seconds' hard snorting and unsteady jolting; a mighty crash, a sense of being hurled against the sky—then utter chaos and oblivion.

A bricklayer was placidly eating his dinner in the midst of his family, when a scared face appeared at the open door, and a woman in torn black garments beckoned to him.

"Please come immediately," panted the woman at the door, "life or death depends upon your haste."

She sped on, uttering the entreaty, and the bricklayer followed her rapid feet, which scarce seemed to stir the dust of the road.

They had a quarter of a mile to go before they reached the scene of disaster, and on the way the man elicited the following particulars from his excited guide.

The up-train for London and the down express had run into each other by a mistake of a few seconds on the part of one of the engine-drivers; she knew nothing beyond the crash of the engines

meeting, until she found herself upon a bank some fifty feet on the upper side of the line, uninjured, though at first stunned. In looking for her fellow-passengers she found the carriage in which she had been lying at the foot of the bank, bottom up, and she supposed the train had hurled on for some distance with the other carriages.

By the time she had explained thus far they had arrived upon the scene. It was melancholy enough to warrant the woman's white looks and faltering tongue.

Here and there a figure half raised itself and sank to the ground again, with agonised face and helplessly outstretched hands. Detached pieces of wheels, and windows, and shattered seats, and shattered roofs strewn the line. A first-class carriage lay upside-down, its wheels idly elevated in the air, and a mass of golden curls were clustered on the broken frame of one of the windows.

"Force open the door if you can; that lady is being crushed to death," said the young woman, kneeling by the golden mass and raising a heavy head, which they shrouded.

The man found a beam, and began methodically to batter in the door. It was done, the strange jumble of crushed and helpless humanity were unlocked from their prison, and the two succourers made their way in, treading warily upon the gaily-painted ceiling, and both bent over a figure clad in silken drapery.

"Lift the lady's head gently; ah, it must be too late. There, there she is free. Put her head upon my shoulder—so. Now I will carry her myself; clear a way for me, that I may not trip and fall with her. Spread that cloak upon the grass—so. Ah, is she dead?"

The man, thus assisted, hastened to lay the burden down, and then ran for some water, with which he quickly returned, and began to sprinkle copiously the insensible lady.

The young naval officer, who looked rather ghastly, now approached Margaret.

He knelt down and gazed with horror upon her set face.

"Good gracious! I am afraid she's gone, poor girl!" he ejaculated. "Julie—cousin Julie! Do you think she is dead, madam? Oh, Julie, dear, speak to me!"

"She is not dead," answered Margaret. "If we could have her removed to some house, there might be some help for her."

"A poor man's cottage ain't for such as her," said the bricklayer, drawing his hand over his heated face, "but she's welcome to the best bed in it."

"Thank you. We shall convey her there at once," replied the young man.

They constructed a hasty litter of branches, and, calling a brawny-armed boy, Doane (so was the man named) set off with his burden.

In a few minutes they reached the cottage, and a clean bed was hastily prepared for the victim of the disaster.

The young gentleman waited in the little kitchen until Margaret could give him a report of the lady's state. In a very short space of time she joined him.

"Lady Juliana is still insensible. I fear her injuries are dangerous, but I can only use my best skill until some physician comes," she said, trying to speak cheerfully.

"I will send the best one I can find from Lynthorpe, and telegraph immediately to the Marquis of Devon. He could reach us to-night, I think. May I ask the name of the lady under whose kind charge I leave the Lady Julie?"

"Margaret Blair," she faltered, at random.

"Miss Blair?"

She bowed.

"I cannot express my admiration of Miss Blair's brave conduct," said the young gentleman, with a return bow. "But my uncle, the Marquis of Devon, shall hear that it was through you that his daughter is saved, if she should recover. Allow me to introduce myself."

He handed her a daintily embossed card, with a coat of arms, upon which was engraved:

"Lieutenant Harry Faulconcourt,
"H.M.S. Utopia."

With another profound bow, he left her.

It was long before Margaret could hope that her prayer was to be answered; the beautiful face of the lady showed no ripple of consciousness, and the heart beat with muffled and uncertain throbs.

A surgeon of the neighbourhood was summoned, and called in on his way to the scene of the accident, but his examination was hurried, and his directions brief, for others were waiting, with broken limbs to be splintered, and gaping wounds to be dressed. So Margaret and the bricklayer's wife did what they could alone.

And the first beam of the full moon stole through the cracked window pane and silvered over the pale, set countenance until it gleamed with lustrous purity, and the faint breath of returning life parted the marble lips, and Margaret saw that Heaven had consented to her prayer.

Lady Juliana looked up fixedly, and saw a tender face bending over her, with gray eyes glimmering in the moonlight, through their burden of glad tears.

Lady Juliana, in her pain and weakness, wondered what heavenly countenance this was which bent above her, and smiled in answer, thinking—poor little soul!—at first that she was with her mother in heaven.

"How did I come to be here? Tell me about it." "There was a railway accident, you remember? Everybody was more or less hurt—I excepted—so I am taking care of you. Mr. Faulconcourt has gone to the village of Lynthorpe to telegraph for your papa. He will perhaps be here to-night."

"And who are you?" asked the soft, sweet voice again.

"Margaret Blair," she stammered, turning away.

"Do you belong to Lynthorpe?"

"No, I was on my way to London. You remember the person who sat opposite you in the carriage?"

"Oh, yes. When I began to scream and jump up you held me, didn't you?"

"I was afraid you would dash yourself out at the door. Are you in pain?"

The lady's pretty face showed plainly that she suffered greatly.

"I have such a weary, crushed feeling," she complained; "and I don't like lying here in this odd place without my maid to take care of me. Of course you will be going away in the morning?"

"Not unless your father arrives to-night to take charge of you."

"Don't then, there's a dear Miss Blair," murmured the lady, pleadingly.

Margaret bent over her with a flood of tenderness in her manner. What would she not give to win the sweet girl's love? The innocent blue eyes seemed to hold in their depths such guilelessness; the beauty was so perfect which heaven had bestowed upon her, that beauty-loving Margaret yearned to have her cling to her thus forever.

"I will stay with you as long as you want me," she whispered, kissing the pale brow of Lady Julia.

CHAPTER V.

THE last train from London brought a physician to Lynthorpe, dispatched by the Marquis of Devon to attend his daughter, who brought a polite message from his lordship to Miss Blair, that an important engagement prevented his accompanying Dr. Trewin, but that he would be at Lynthorpe by the morning train.

The physician examined his patient and pronounced her severely, but not dangerously injured, and proceeded to make her as comfortable as circumstances would permit, after which she ate a little, and fell into a placid slumber—Margaret keeping faithful watch, while Dr. Trewin dozed in his chair.

At ten o'clock next morning a carriage and four drew up before John Doane's humble house, and two gentlemen, a man servant, a quick-eyed young woman, a coachman and groom in liveries of gray and bronze, appeared upon the scene. These were the Marquis of Devon, an extra physician in case Trewin should not be fully equal to the emergency, a valet, the lady's maid, and the servants.

His lordship asked where his daughter was, and was forthwith ushered into the little bed-room where she lay, by Margaret Walsingham.

"Haw! By Jove, this is a very awkward *contretemps*! Might have been killed by these rascally railway fellows! Confoundedly awkward mistake! How do, Julie?"

"Oh! had enough, papa!" responded the patient, receiving the careless paternal embrace as indifferently as it was given. "I might have died ten times over before you would come. Why didn't you come to me immediately, papa?"

"Couldn't, my dear—was at Millicolonne's—a political dinner which could not be avoided—sent Trewin in my place, and brought Sir Maurice Abercroft with me, so you can't complain for want of medical or paternal attention either."

His lordship, after patting her cheek, went out, saying with comfortable impertinence that she must be ready to start in two hours—Abercroft would set her up for the removal.

Forthwith Sir Maurice Abercroft came in and minutely examined Lady Juliana's injuries. The result was as might have been expected, considering his lordship's wishes, a decision in favour of the proposed removal; and the lady's maid was sent in to perform her mistress's toilette.

Apparently the Lady Julie stood in some little awe of her father, for she submitted without further question, though a petulant cloud was on her beautiful face, as she said:

"I would rather stay in this quiet little room, with that kind Miss Blair, if she would stay, than go home to the Park. This is a new sensation, at the least."

Margaret drew nearer, and tenderly smoothed the hair back from the lady's brow.

"Dear me!" cried Lady Juliana, looking at her, "how pale and exhausted you look, Miss Blair. Why, of course you must feel so—you have been up with me all night, and—good gracious!" becoming suddenly filled with compassion, "how coolly I have taken your great services!"

Her ladyship sat upright, flushed by a sudden impulse of gratitude.

"Who are your friends?" she asked, with a bright look.

"I have none, Lady Juliana. I am looking for some situation by which to be independent of friends."

"Oh, how fortunate for me! Would you like—but perhaps you are not qualified. Are you well educated? I think you are."

"I have been eight years at a boarding-school, my lady."

"Good gracious! I suppose you are as learned as Socrates. I never was at school in all my life. I was kept with Aunt Faulconcourt and a governess. But here comes papa."

The marquis re-entered with a bow, the consolidation of courtly etiquette.

"Papa, I was too stupid before to introduce you to Miss Blair; she is the young lady who saved my life. I wish to do something for her."

His lordship advanced and held out two fingers.

"How can I most suitably thank Miss Blair for her services to my daughter?"

"Papa," interposed Lady Juliana, seeing Margaret stand pale and embarrassed before her pseudo-patron, "may she come to Hautville Park instead of Madame Beneant, whom I am so tired of? She would be a more suitable companion than that chattering widow—I am so sick of her flirtations! And I am sure I should be perfectly happy with the generous creature who saved my life."

"Will you consider her ladyship's proposal?" asked the marquis, turning again to Margaret.

"Madame Beneant has been my daughter's companion for a year and a half, but she is too old. Her salary was two hundred a year. You shall have two hundred and fifty if you decide to come. What do you say?"

She stood wavering between conflicting impulses. She longed to go with this dove-like creature whom she had saved from death; her heart clung to her—how could she leave her? But again, would she be concealed from the terrible St. Udo Brand's possible persecutions at the Marquis of Devon's residence?

Who would think to look for her in Lady Juliana's companion? Her heart pleaded:

"Stay—oh, stay!"

So, all blinded to the future stealing surely on, Margaret flung herself back into the whirlpool which, gradually circling inward, would inevitably bring her face to face with that which she most dreaded.

"I will go with you, Lady Juliana," said she.

When the bricklayer came home to dinner he found the grand people all gone, after showing but meagre gratitude for his kindness.

Hautville Park was within a few hours' distance of the scene of accident; and in due time, in the dying crimson of departing sunlight, the carriage came in sight of its stately gates. Margaret drew back her veil and looked out.

A princely chateau of white stone, glowing rosey topaz in the western light, arose against a dark green background of wych-elm, and displayed to all connoisseur eyes the most extraordinary disregard of the severe classic simplicity which good taste would prescribe.

A vast centre, style Doric, occupied almost a quarter of an acre of ground; richly ornamented wings flanked either side, style indistinguishable. Colonades of fanciful forms, some twisted, some fluted, some voluted, some carved, some fretted, some grotesquely entwined, joined the wings together and ran under arches round the wide quadrangle.

As for the grounds, many a terrace and many a walk led through the vast park, which was large enough to swallow up ten ordinary parks, to quiet wooded retreats, where thickets of clumping ash, or graceful birch, made rustling shadows over quaintly carved seats. And here a statue gleaming white, beckoned you to drink at the sparkling fountain, and there a temple or obelisk, or a pagoda, or better still, a grotto cool and mossy, just as gentle nature left it, wooed the eye from aimless wandering to tranced enjoyment.

Such was Hautville Park, into which Margaret found herself introduced as companion to its spoiled mistress, Lady Juliana Devon.

She had not been there more than three weeks, when one day the maid brought in a letter to her lady's boudoir. Lady Juliana was lying à la convalescent on her sofa, and Margaret was reading to her. My lady had taken her time to get over her railway fright, and had taxed her companion's strength considerably by her exactions, but she professed herself very fond

of Miss Blair for all her trouble, and they agreed excellently together thus far.

"Hand me that letter, Bignetta. No, give it to Miss Blair and go away, she can read it to me."

Margaret took the letter, inserted her finger to break the seal, at which she glanced, and withdrew her finger as if it had been stung, looked at the writing, and slowly became pale and stern.

"Why don't you open it and read its contents?" cried my lady. "Are you tired of reading all the condolence that comes to me, or do you think it is some insolent bill?"

"Lady Juliana," said Margaret, "I cannot read this letter. I—I know the writer."

She covered her face with her hands.

"Why, what can you mean?" exclaimed my lady, partially raising herself to possess herself of the letter, and to look curiously at her companion; "who is it?"

She looked at her own name on the back, and gave a delighted cry.

"Captain Brand! So he dares to remember me at last! Ah, won't I make him suffer for being so indifferent in his duty these last three weeks! Careless creature! he never thinks of me, except when he sees me!"

She laid down the letter.

"How come you, Miss Blair, to be so well informed about Captain Brand's writing?" she demanded.

Margaret was eyeing her in speechless consternation.

She had thought at first that this missive was an inquiry from the writer concerning herself; she had feared she was found out. But what darker suspicion was this which was entering her mind?

"Tell me first, dear Lady Julia," she exclaimed, "if Captain Brand is a friend of yours."

"Bring me that casket, if you please."

Margaret brought the casket and placed it before her.

"Do you see this ring?" rapidly tossing over rare chains, jewel-cases and bracelets. "Yes, here it is. I am not superstitious about such things, but I don't like to be labelled 'out of the market,' so I do not wear it often; but it is my engagement ring—is it not magnificent? This ring was given to me by Captain St. Udo Brand six months ago, and some day I shall be mistress of Seven Oak Waste."

Margaret clasped her hands and gasped.

To think of the hungry kestrel pouncing upon this innocent bird! To fancy the terrible Captain Brand wooing the affections of her Lady Julia!

"I did not know it," was all she could articulate.

"Of course you did not; how should you? But you have not told me how you came to know Captain Brand's writing," insisted her ladyship.

Margaret saw that exposure was coming; she expected it to be in that letter.

"Read what your *fiancé* says, and then listen to my explanations," she murmured, turning away.

My lady, slightly irritated, tore off the seal and began to skim over the contents.

"Heavens!" she ejaculated, "what is this? He writes from London, saying that he has left England for ever; that he is going to get a commission in the Garibaldian army, and win high rank, and he gives his reasons: 'At present, my Julie, your *fiancé* is a penniless man, with only a pedigree, and it is to win something more substantial that I have left England. My grandmother has died, and, contrary to all expectations, the estate of Seven Oak Waste has departed out of the family, and gone to my grandmother's companion. If I had been obedient to the injunctions of my hoodwinked relative, Mrs. Brand, I would have married the clever adventures, Miss Margaret Walsingham, who, I firmly believe, plotted to supplant me as she has done, and I would have thus shared the estate. But, love, one thing held me back. I have pinned my faith in woman's purity to Juliana Devon's sleeve, for I think, my child, you are about the best of your sex; and honour forbade me to retract my faith to you. So the future I offer you is this: will you wait patiently and constantly for the man you swore to be true to for ever? Don't say yes, without knowing your own strength. If you can be brave, patient, wise, unselfish, you will be the first woman I ever met who deserves the much-travelled title of 'a true woman.' My little darling, you know that I love you, and that I would become a good man if your hands cared to guide me, and I place my future life at your feet. Make it bright and pure by your constancy, or make it black and sullied by the universal peculiarity of your sex-treachery!"

"What can he be thinking of?" cried the lady, with a burst of angry tears. "Why should he expect such an unheard-of thing from me, if he has lost Castle Brand and Seven Oak Waste?"

Margaret listened as in a dream.

This was a new light upon St. Udo Brand's movements. Did his character suffer by it? He had

CHAPTER VI.

THE foe had stolen a march upon the weary encampment in the wood. Calmly St. Udo Brand faced the coming Austrians, and bravely retreated in good order upon the main army, which was soon engaged in deadly conflict. It is not our intention to dwell on the battles which ensued. They are a part of history now. We have to do with but a few more incidents in St. Udo Brand's career as a soldier.

One night Colonels Brand and Calembours were shivering over their smoky fire; it rained incessantly, the tent was soaked through, their clothing was soaked through, and their wretched provisions were, besides being scanty, almost unsteady with dust and rain.

"*Sacré!*" swore the chevalier, wiping his moist moustache with a brown, bony hand, whose only remnant of aristocracy was the magnificent solitaire which still glittered upon the little finger. "*Sacré! mon camarade*, this must end; what for we still remain under fortune's ban? Jade! she laughs under the hood at our credulity in hoping for golden favours. I will snap the fingers in the tyrant's face and elope with chance! by gar. I will open the eyes and seek some better position where pounds are more plentiful and blows less."

"Silence! What better life does a brave soldier expect? Do your duty in the field and don't growl in the camp, and when good luck comes you will deserve it," replied St. Udo, laughing.

"*Pardieu!* I shall be too old to see him when he comes!" grumbled the chevalier. "Three weeks of glory without gold is enough for me."

"You are a mercenary dog," cried St. Udo, "and I know you are an implacable one. I have not forgotten Madam Estvan."

"*Diable!* nor I," hissed Calembours. "*Mon ami*, let us forget her! La! there she has vanished for ever. But, Monsieur St. Udo, I have not been mercenary with you, have I?"

"Never, chevalier."

"Know you why?"

"Not I, indeed."

"I love you, *mon ami*, by gar! I could not betray you for any sum."

"Generous man. But don't ruin your prospects for the sake of honesty, who is such a lax companion of yours that he is scarce worth such a sacrifice?"

"*Mon ami*, my honour is unimpeachable."

"Doubtless, such as it is. By Jove! here come letters from home! One for you, Calembours, a budget for me. Huzzah!"

Yes, letters had reached the army, and many a poor fellow that night forgot the anguish of his wounds and the gloom of his prospects in glad perusal of his loved one's words of affection.

St. Udo, too, held an envelope in a tight hand, while he hastily scanned the other missives, eager to fling them aside and to devote himself without restraint to it.

He laughed with a kind of unearring scorn at Mr. Davenport's business letter, and he frowned at good little Gay's warm-hearted persuasions to hasten back to England and settle down in Castle Brand before the year was out; he glanced with abstracted eyes over the notes of astonishment, reproach, and regret which his movements had elicited from his brother officers in the Guards, and then he put them all away, and tenderly broke the seal of the hoarded envelope.

And as his darkening eye took in the meaning of its heartless words, and his heart realized the hollowness, the vanity, the treachery of the woman who had penned them, an awful scowl settled upon his brow, a demoniac sneer curled his fierce lip, and for a moment he lifted his blazing eyes to heaven as if in derisive question of its existence when such an earth lay below.

"Farewell, dotting fantasy!" muttered St. Udo, tearing lady Juliana's letter in two and casting the fragments into the flames. "So ends my faith in goodness, truth, purity, as held by women. Once, twice, have I madly laid my life under woman's heel, to be betrayed, my foolish yearning after a better belief to be laughed at, flouted at, scorned! I might have stuck to my only deity, Fate, and let these idle dreams go. I would not then have received this last sting. I was right at first, there is no created being so traitorous, so cold, and cruel, and Judas-like as a woman."

He scanned the polite dismissal of the Marquis of Devon and smiled with scoffing indifference, and folding his arms, stared into the hissing embers for a long time.

At sunrise, six or seven detachments, among which were those of Colonels Brand and Calembours, received orders to march to the relief of an advanced post, and on their arrival they were at once hurried into action.

St. Udo, on his maddened horse, was coursing before the serried ranks of his detachment, shouting his commands and cheering on his men to the

attack, when of battery of guns opened fire upon the rushing enemy, and, sweeping their lines obliquely, turned the sally into wild confusion.

Colonel Brand galloped along the broken line, calling them on and waving his sword to the object of attack, the horse and his rider looming like spirits through the murk, and inviting the aim of a score of riflemen.

Headless of the storm of red-hot hail, he pranced onward, inspiring the quailing men by his fearless example, till his horse staggered under him, sprang wildly upwards, then fell with a crash upon his side.

The colonel lay face upward, stunned by the fall, and pinned to the ground by the weight of his horse, and a regiment of Austrians rushed down the slope and charged the wavering Garibaldians.

When St. Udo was able to look up, he saw a man making toward him with clubbed musket. He was helpless, his men were everywhere grappling with their adversaries, and the colonel gave himself up for lost, when lo! a tall figure darted from a neighbouring thicket, and with a furious lunge of the bayonet he attempted to beat him back from his charge upon St. Udo.

The Austrian met him at first with a scornful cry, but, finding it impossible to escape him, turned and closed in desperate encounter. Hand to hand they struggled, now grappling with the fury of gladiators, now retiring and gazing in each other's faces with determination.

So well matched were they, that this terrific conflict lasted for full three minutes, and many stopped to gaze in wonder upon the desperate *recontre*, and St. Udo, dragged from under his dead horse and mounted upon another, paused to see the end.

The soldier waited until the rush of a passing sally hampered his adversary's arm, and then, raising his clubbed rifle on high, he brought it down with a crashing blow upon his head.

The Austrian threw up his arms with a fearful cry, quivered from head to foot for a moment, and then fell backward dead.

The hero turned to St. Udo with a grim smile. Heavens! it was Thoms!

The next moment he had vanished in the whirl of the battle, and was no more to be seen.

"Ye gods! he has saved my life!" cried St. Udo Brand. "Thoms, the despised—Thoms, the sleuth-hound—the old maniac! What can this mean? Have we used him badly?"

St. Udo, lying in his tent, mused deeply on the strange kindness which the man whom he had spurned had done him, when a shadow flitted near—Thoms, with his intent face and wary eye.

"Gad! I was looking for you to come, Thoms," cried St. Udo, getting up and extending his hand frankly. "I can't express my thanks to you for your gallantry on my behalf to-day, but I'm grateful for it, and there's my hand."

The long, brown fingers clutched his as if in a vice and wrung them hard.

"Don't mention it, colonel, you was in danger, and I couldn't abear to have you killed yet," smiled the old man, grimly.

"By Jove! you make me ashamed of my suspicions of you," cried St. Udo, with ingenuous candour; "let me say now that I am sorry for them."

"I knowed you would change your mind about me some day," muttered Thoms. "So I were contented to wait for the time, colonel."

"I was so sure you owed me some grudge, my good fellow," said St. Udo.

"No, Colonel Brand, I owe you no grudge as long as you trust me and don't treat me like a secret felon," exclaimed Thoms, in a hoarse voice; "and now that you treat me better, I'll never leave you as long as you live—I won't, by Heaven!"

His sallow face, more ghastly than ever after the day's toil, whitened in the lurid gloom of twilight, and a terrible smile played about the twitching corners of his mouth.

St. Udo placed a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Forgive me, my friend, for all my harshness to you," he said, earnestly, "I will not doubt your good faith again. Faith, man, you almost make me believe in disinterested goodness."

He turned away in deep emotion, he could say no more.

Was it an answering thrill which, stirring the heart of the strange old servant, sent his eyes filled with such an unearthly glare, over the gallant colonel? He had saved him from a certain death with reckless bravery that day; he had come to listen to his grateful thanks; yet if ever the fires of Pandemonium blazed in human eyes, they blazed in his in that quiet, murderous look.

Steadily, surely the man was creeping towards his secret purpose, and if St. Udo's entire trust removed another obstacle from his path, that obstacle was re-

gone away and given up his lands to one whom he considered a greedy schemer; and he had flung himself into another life, for the sake of her whom he loved. How had she wronged him by her terror of him!

Quick as light her feelings underwent a change, and my lady gazed in astonishment as her quiet companion threw off the guise which she had worn for security.

"Dear Lady Juliana," painted Margaret, "do not blame Captain Brand, who has been honourable to his engagement with you, where meaner men would have failed. Perhaps—who knows?—yours may be the hand which will lead him into a higher way. Oh, my darling, do not hold lightly your power."

"Why should you espouse Captain Brand's cause?" demanded my lady. "What can Miss Blair have to do with Captain Brand?"

Tears burst from the eyes of the quiet companion, and rushed in a volcanic shower down her cheeks, as she answered:

"I am Margaret Walsingham."

"You!" exclaimed my lady, after a stare of unutterable astonishment.

"My darling Lady Julia!" cried Margaret, catching the lady's hands and holding them in her own; "I am that unfortunate, that wretched *protégée* of Mrs. Brand's unwise affection; but never think that I would accept the Brand estates when obtained in such a way, or that I would willingly defraud St. Udo Brand. I thank Heaven that these hands," proudly holding them out, "are yet unsullied by such sin."

"How is it that you are here under the name of Blair?"

"I left Castle Brand to win my bread, and did not wish to be traced."

"How strange! Then the fortune will doubtless revert to the rightful heir if you are sincere in refusing it?"

"I fear not. The executors will hold it for one year; and if by that time Captain Brand and I," with a bitter tide of crimson in her face, "have failed to fulfil the conditions of the will—that is, to get married—and I still refuse the property, Seven Acre Waste will probably go into chancery."

Lady Julia gave a cry as if after the vanishing estates, and covered her face with her hands, petulantly weeping.

"Then I am done with St. Udo," she cried.

"What do I want of a man who is stripped of his position?"

"He has made a great sacrifice of wealth, and that letter says it is for love of you," said Margaret, coming and taking Lady Juliana in her arms; "and he is a nobler man than I thought. Surely you will be true to him. Will you not, Lady Julia?"

"You are the essence of simplicity, Miss Walsingham. You will laugh at your own folly when I communicate all this to my father, and when you hear his verdict. Please leave me now, like a dear girl; I am overcome by this sudden change in my prospects, and must give way to my natural feelings for a while."

Margaret left her, as she sorrowfully believed, to the pangs of untoward love, and walked about the grounds of Hautville Park, weeping and praying for her sweet Lady Juliana.

Some hours later she returned, to find quite a metamorphosis in my lady's invalid room. My lady, in high spirits, was superintending, with gaiety, her own toilette, as it progressed under the skillful hands of her *femme de chambre*.

"An arrival at Hautville," she cried, turning to Margaret, "and at such an opportune time, when I am so bored. The young Duke of Piermont has come from his Irish estates to see papa, and I am going to be introduced. I have heard that his wealth is enormous; his estates in the north of Ireland and west of Scotland are as rich as any in the three kingdoms. He has a rent-roll of seventy thousand pounds. How would you like to receive letters from your Julie, sealed with a ducal coronet?"

"I don't expect to see that day," said Margaret, tenderly.

"Heigh ho! I am an unfortunate creature," sighed the lady, plaintively. "But, as I told you, my papa laughed at the idea of a further continuance of that arrangement, and he has written, and so have I, and the letter is sent. I never mentioned you in my note of dismissal."

"Dear Lady Julia, you are deceiving yourself. You think your pride will carry you through this thing, but your heart will break in the attempt."

"I suppose so. Well, it shall never be said that Lady Juliana Devon disobeyed her father. We are a haughty race, as you may have observed by the magnificence of this summer residence, so I will bury my pain and cheat my dear papa into believing I am resigned!"

moved to-night, and nothing stood between him and the end.

"*Eh bien!*" chirped the chevalier, who had been an edified spectator of this scene. "Since we are all once more the happy family, let us be merry, let us sing, talk, and scare the blue devils away. Tell me the little history of your life in England, *mon ami.*"

"England be hanged!" growled St. Udo, returned to his gloom. "She gave me no history but the black records of vice, treachery, and disappointment. What do you want with such a history?"

"Amusement, instruction," yawned Calembours, "something to make gray-bearded Time fly quick."

"Very well, I accede for want of other employment. What shall I tell you of? My hours devoted to finding out the world, and presided over by the idiot Credulity; or my hours devoted to revenging my injuries upon the world, and presided over by the great Father of Lies? What will you have?"

"Your life," breathed the chevalier, impressively.

St. Udo placed himself in a comfortable position, and began with a smile of mockery. Calembours fixed his eager eyes upon him and listened intently, and Thoms crept into the shadow behind the tent, crouched there on his knees, and held his breath patiently.

So the story was told.

Every incident worthy of note in St. Udo's life was correctly narrated, every name connected with the characters involved stated, their portraits distinctly painted, their characteristics faithfully recalled, with many a reference to the pocket album, between. Clear as if he lived it all over again, St. Udo placed his past before the eyes of the Chevalier de Calembours.

And neither the chevalier nor St. Udo Brand saw the slow-match flickering over a tiny notebook behind the tent, or heard the stealthy scrape of a pencil as long, brown fingers took down, in phonetic characters, the words dropping lazily from the unsuspecting man's lips.

When St. Udo had finished, the chevalier rose and stretched his cramped limbs.

"*Morbleu!* Time has fled nimbly this night. I forgot everything in your recital, *mon ami.* Thanks for your amiable complaisance, and now I retire to follow you in dreams. *Bon soir!*"

With a silent chuckle he stepped from St. Udo's tent, and disappeared to seek his own quarters.

Thoms, too, clasped up his tiny pocket-book, and creeping round the side of the tent, and observing that St. Udo sat absorbed in dark reverie, he wrapped himself in his blanket, and threw himself at St. Udo's feet, and soon fell asleep.

Then the night grew black, and silence brooded solemnly above the camp, broken only by the faint moan of the sleepless wounded, or the picket's hollow tramp.

Twice the devoted preserver of St. Udo's life softly raised his head to look at Colonel Brand, and sank down again, and still the lonely man sat gazing into the lurid embers of the waning watchfire, thinking his thoughts of bitterness.

Just before dawn he thought he heard a movement in the camp, a faint, uncertain tripping of a wary foot, a low whistle, twice repeated.

Through the murky gloom St. Udo peered with languid interest at a spot of fire gently undulating towards his tent.

What could it be?—a cannoneer's slow match! But what could bring a battery there—and at that hour?

Unwilling to alarm needlessly his slumbering comrade, he slid back from the glare of the camp-fire into the shadow of his tent, and, rising, bent his steps to the neighbourhood of the suspicious object.

A passing breeze, laden with the perfume of the familiar cigar, a brighter glow, revealing the drooping nose and pursed-up lips, declared the identity of the chevalier.

"Pshaw, you, Calembours, again—what sets you prowling about like a cat on the leads, or rather, a hungry jackal in a graveyard?"

"*Ma foi!* you wear your tongue passably loose, *mon ami.* A night cat? No, worse luck! No pretty little kittens to chase round here. A jackal among *les cadavres*? You have too many of the sort down there already, stripping the dead and the living too. Still, let us not scandalize the profession. The calling of the jackal is a noble one when there is genius and *finesse* to raise it from the *metier* to the art. But where the jackal points the lion pounces. You call me the jackal. *Eh bien!* *j'accepte*—it is mine to point, but it is for you, *Monsieur le Lion*, to take the leap."

"A truce to your riddles, and say what you've got to say—though why you can't come out with it openly I can't conceive."

"Find, then, my little meaning," whispered the chevalier, impressively. "In two words, you shall

be an *courant* of the affair. We have come here to push our fortune, but the jade flouts us, and ranks herself under the standard of the foe. Let us follow her thither. Soldiers of Fortune, we follow wherever glory leads the way, and victory fills the pocket. What of this last bagatelle of a victory to-day? We have escaped with our skins to-day; to-morrow we will lose them. No, *mon ami*, the white coats will win the day; so join we the Kaiser's chivalry as become *chevaliers d'honneur!*"

"Why, you precious scoundrel! I always thought you somewhat of a puppy; but to propose this to me, an Englishman and a gentleman! Draw, you treacherous hound—draw, and defend yourself."

And the steel blade glistened like the sword of the avenging angel before the eyes of the astonished Hun.

"*Sacré nom de Dieu!* Has he gone mad?" was his sole reply, as, with the practical skill of an accomplished *maitre d'armes*, his ready rapier was out, and parrying the lunges of his opponent.

Still, with muttered explanations, blaspheming ejaculations and apologies intermingled with his rapier parries, he sought to moderate the just wrath of St. Udo, till at last, hearing loud shouts, and footsteps approaching, by a quick turn he evaded St. Udo's pass and dashed his sword out of his hand high in the air. Ere St. Udo could stoop to recover it, the traitor dealt him a mighty blow over the head which felled him to the ground, and the last remembrance he had was the taunting "*au revoir*" of the renegade as he plunged into the thicket and vanished from pursuit.

When St. Udo recovered he found himself surrounded by eager faces, and Thoms kneeling in an attitude of anxiety beside him, staring at him with intentness.

"What's all this, colonel?" demanded an old officer. "Ha, by Jove! The rascal has escaped, has he?" cried St. Udo, getting up by the help of Thoms' shoulder.

"Who—who?" was cried on all sides.

Colonel Calembours himself. He has deserted, and had the audacity to tell his scheme to me! Quick, Thoms, your arm, man. I must communicate with the general, and set scouts on his track."

St. Udo hastened to the general's tent as speedily as his reeling head would permit him.

A pursuit was immediately made of the fugitive, and precautions taken to foil his intended treachery; but the pursuit was fruitless—Calembours had dodged Misfortune successfully this time.

Lying face down in his tent, St. Udo Brand mused upon the fleeting incidents of his late existence, and owned himself at fault. He looked back upon the friends he had expected fidelity from—which of them had not betrayed his trust? Only the humble worm he had crushed with scornful heel—his life preserver—his sole friend now!

The deserted man scanned his reckless life, and in its shapeless fragments began to find a plan, and wonderingly, as a child fits together the scattered sections of his little puzzle, St. Udo linked the parted sections of his existence into their possible plan—and lo! he discovered that Providence held the key!

The remorseful man rose, and found Thoms studying him with his uncanny stare.

"My kind fellow," said St. Udo, gently, "since your master has left you on my hands, and since I can't forget the noble service you have done me, perhaps you had better enter my service and see me through the war?"

"That will I, colonel," answered Thoms, with an icy smile.

"You have been a good friend to me, and heaven knows I have need of friends!" said St. Udo, gratefully.

The glittering eyes watched him as intently as if the old man were learning a lesson.

"If there's anything I could do for you, Thoms, to mark my gratitude, I would like to hear of it," said St. Udo.

"Nothing, colonel, except to let me stay by you."

"You may get shot in battle, my man."

"So may you, colonel, and more likely."

"Well, we won't dispute about that," said St. Udo, lightly. "But wouldn't you rather go home, out of the danger?"

"I will never leave you!"

St. Udo, glancing up gratefully, saw that in his eye which chilled as with the finger of death the warm words crowding to his lips; a thrill of mortal dread, a sure premonition of evil seized his soul, and he waited, with the words frozen, regarding the man with a stony stare until he turned on his heel and shuffled out of sight.

That night, when Thoms ventured back to sate his gloating eyes again upon St. Udo Brand, he sought for him in vain—another officer occupied his tent.

"Where is the colonel?" asked Thoms, turning sharply on the nearest soldier.

"Gone, two hours ago."

"Gone!"

How white the sallow face blanched! How the tones quavered!

"By Heaven, I have lost him!" cried Thoms, vehemently. "Where did he go?"

"On a secret embassy somewhere."

"Without me!" groaned Thoms, with a wild flash of the wolfish eyes. "He has stolen away from me—he has found me out!"

(To be continued.)

THE VICTIM OF FATE.

CHAPTER IX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the events which had created so much consternation and commotion at the Roses, the grand ball for which the lady of the manor had for a long time been making preparation came off according to announcement, and the *élite* of the island was present.

There were rich men with their wives and daughters, French noblemen belonging to the military and civil service, and nothing was wanting to make this an exceptional *fête* in the annals of fashion.

Of course the Lady Coralline was the star of the evening, and surrounded by admirers, like a honey-laden flower beset by a swarm of bees.

It was but lately that Don Ramon had awakened to the passion of love; now he experienced that of jealousy.

His heart beat wildly when he saw a stranger take the hand of the beautiful creole; and he bit his lip till the blood came when he saw her smile in reply to some whispered compliment, with just the same sweetness that had rewarded his own attentions.

Yet ever and anon her eyes furtively sought out his, and when they met, she looked so bright and encouraging, that hope revived again in his breast, and he began to think that he was indeed the favoured one.

As the night advanced the guests began to drop off, for they all lived at long distances. Still Don Ramon lingered, hoping that chance would favour him with a private interview with Coralline, even if it lasted but a moment.

Chance did so favour him at last. She had retired to a summer-house in the garden for a few moments to breathe a cooler atmosphere, and thither he followed the lead of her white dress.

"Coralline," said he, as he seated himself beside her; "I have come to bid you adieu."

"To bid me good night, you mean," said the fair creole. "You will ride over here to-morrow?"

"Alas!" said Don Ramon, "I must leave Guadaloupe to-morrow. Letters received to-day from home render my immediate return to St. Domingo imperative. I have lingered too long already—too long for my interest, perhaps for my future happiness—though I have been in heaven for the past fortnight. But my business relations are very extensive and complicated, and I cannot indulge in a longer vacation."

"You are very rich, then?" asked the creole, with apparent carelessness.

"Rich from a worldly standpoint, but poor indeed if my wealth is unshared."

The creole did not comment on the last suggestion, but repeated, musingly:

"Very rich! But wealth is comparative. How many millions make a rich man, according to your standard, Don Ramon?"

"If domestic happiness were thrown into the scale," said the Spaniard, "I should call myself rich on less than a million."

After a moment's pause he possessed himself of her hand, which she did not seek to withdraw.

"Ah! Coralline," he said, "you must read my heart. You must know that I love you—but how deep that love, how completely it has absorbed my being, thought cannot measure, language cannot tell. I cannot—I will not leave you till you have pronounced my sentence—hope or despair."

"I have known you but so short a time," said the creole, in a low voice.

"True," replied Don Ramon. "But I have bared my whole heart to you. I have concealed no single thought. What my reputation is in St. Domingo you can learn of my neighbours, of the authorities, of the merchants of Point-a-Pitre on your own island of Guadaloupe. Of that there is no question. What you think of me I must learn from your own lips."

Coralline made no answer in words, but her beautiful head rested on the shoulder of her lover.

"Oh, Heaven!" cried the enraptured Spaniard, pressing a kiss upon her lips—a kiss which she returned. "You will be mine—my wife!"

"Yours and yours only, Ramon," faltered the creole.

The Spaniard sank back in the rustic seat. "I am too happy," he sighed. "Happier than I deserve to be. There is something terrible in the realisation of such bliss. Are not the joys of Paradise reserved for another world, and denied by Heaven to this abode of care and crime? Or have my senses deceived me? Coralline, will you again promise to be mine?"

"Yours and yours only," repeated Coralline, this time firmly and unhesitatingly.

"Swear it, Coralline—swear it before high Heaven!"

"Before high Heaven," said the creole, raising her beautiful hand, "I swear to be the wife of Don Ramon and no other!"

"The vow is registered," said Ramon, solemnly, and yet strangely enough in that hour of bliss a dark shadow of doubt fell upon his spirit, and a pre-sence of coming evil chilled his heart.

"Remember," he said, "you have taken into your keeping the heart of one whose passions are volcanic. Trifle not with it—think not the trust a light one. The responsibility is fearful. But you are good, and kind, and true. Body and soul I abandon myself to you. Mine I am sure that you will be in poverty and riches, joy or sorrow, health or sickness. I know—I feel sure—I will not doubt that you will never forget the sacred pledge given at the Roses. And now let us seek your aunt and acquaint her with our engagement."

"No, no, Ramon—not yet awhile," said the creole, quickly. "My aunt is a peculiar woman, I do not dare to trust her far. Her consent is not necessary, for I am of age, and undisputed mistress of my hand and heart, and her enmity and jealousy might interpose obstacles to our happiness. Therefore, if you love me, defer the announcement till I apprise you that the time has arrived."

"Coralline!" cried the harsh voice of the old lady, "where are you?"

"Coming, aunt," replied the creole, springing to her feet.

The beautiful girl joined her aunt on the piazza. The Spaniard made a wide detour, entered the house by the front door, and sought the mistress of the mansion.

"Ladies," he said, "I have come to take leave of you, and thank you, not only for the pleasure of this brilliant evening, but for your hospitality to a stranger during many days. I am afraid I have trespassed on your kindness, but my apology is, that I shall not repeat the offence—certainly not for a long time."

"My dear sir," said the lady of the house, "I hope you will not neglect us whenever you visit Guadalupe."

"Should I do so again, I shall most certainly remember your kind invitation. Your servant, ladies."

The old spinster extended her hand, which the cavalier raised gallantly to his lips. Coralline, with a studiously cold manner, took leave of her admirer.

A moment later, they heard the patter of his horse's hoofs as he rode off briskly in the direction of Point-a-Pitre.

"We're not likely to see him again," said the old lady to her niece. "With a little management on your part you might have secured him, and he would have been a very good match for you. I thought at one time you were playing your cards for him, but if so, you spoiled it all to-night by your coquetry. You did nothing but flirt and dance with French officers, and only gave Don Ramon your hand for one poor cotillon; and now he has gone off in a huff."

Which wise conclusion only shows that maiden ladies of a certain age, in spite of their curiosity and cleverness, are liable to make occasional mistakes.

CHAPTER X.

On reaching home, Don Ramon found that Silva, his man of business, had managed judiciously in his absence, and that everything had gone on as smoothly as if he had been present himself. But it will be remembered that this estate was only one of his numerous speculations, and that its revenues were absorbed in feeding various other channels of enterprise.

The Spaniard found a heap of letters on his table awaiting his attention. They were all from business associates, and their general tenor was by no means encouraging—in fact they announced nothing but disaster. A ship in which he had a large interest, bound for Spain with a valuable cargo, had gone to the bottom, a total loss, and uninsured. A foreign house in which he had reposed implicit confidence, had failed, and their assets, so his correspondents wrote him, would not pay five per cent. of their indebtedness. Other minor disasters had occurred, swelling the aggregate of losses to a formidable mass.

"Happy in love, unlucky in business," muttered the Spaniard to himself, quoting an old saying.

Had he not been a man of dauntless resolution, he would have been overwhelmed by the bad news that flowed in upon him in a torrent; but his spirit rose with the occasion. He grappled with the difficulties that beset him, and, like a skilful mariner assailed by a sudden storm, resolved to take in sail and brave the tempest. Some branches of his business he wound up at once, as the ship-master throws overboard a portion of his cargo to save the rest. To his foreign correspondents he gave clear instructions for settling with his debtors, directing them in what form to remit the proceeds, which were to be addressed to Roderigo Silva, his attorney.

When, in the course of a few days, all his arrangements had been completed, he sent for Silva, and placed in his hands, together with a power of attorney, a minute statement of his affairs, as well as a voluminous document containing instructions for his conduct, all pointing to a prolonged absence from the estate.

"When you have studied these papers thoroughly," said Don Ramon, "you will see that I have come very near drifting on a lee shore, as we used to say at sea."

"Aye, aye," replied Roderigo. "But it's a new manœuvre, when a ship is in danger, for the captain to take to his boat and give the command to his mate."

"Old fellow," said Don Ramon, "there is only one chance to retrieve my fortune—successfully to work my silver mine in Mexico. That cannot be done by an agent—the miners must have a master's eye upon them."

"That's true," replied the ex-quartermaster. "But I don't like the idea of your going among those cut-throats and brigands."

"Never fear for me," replied Don Ramon. "My hand can guard my head."

"Why not stay here, and work out the mineral wealth on this estate?"

"Because it requires capital that I can no longer command. I see now that the tide of fortune sets against me; that I was wrong to fritter away my means in so many enterprises. But I thought it imprudent to risk everything on one; and, after all, mining is a lottery. My purpose is, so soon as my Mexican mine begins to yield undoubted profits, to dispose of it, and return here. There is an irresistible attraction which draws me to these islands which I will explain to you hereafter."

He shrank from confiding to this hard, unsympathising man, a confirmed enemy of women, the story of his love.

After completing all the arrangements for his departure, he wrote a long letter to Coralline. He told her frankly the altered condition of his affairs, and insisted on the painful necessity of his personally superintending his property in Mexico. At the same time he promised that his absence should be as brief as possible, and he ended with burning protestations of his undying love.

Coralline's answer, though brief, breathed a spirit of devotion to the man she loved.

"Though it costs me many a heart-pang," she wrote, "yet I cannot but urge you to go as soon as possible. So will you the sooner return to my arms. I have as full faith in your success as I have in your love. You will come back richer and more prosperous than ever, and there will be no obstacle to our happiness. I send you, my heart's love, a thousand kisses. Oh, that I could press you to my beating heart once more before you go forth on your adventure!"

Don Ramon read the letter, and kissed it twenty times before he placed it next his heart as a talisman. He did not analyse it coldly, or he might have been unpleasantly impressed by the stress the creole laid on wealth. Wealth seemed to be the condition of wedded happiness, according to her creed. When he first addressed her, she had particularly dwelt upon his fortune. But, then, she had also solemnly vowed to be his in "poverty and riches." He remembered only that sacred pledge—dwelt only on her burning words of love.

At last the hour for his departure came. Everyone on the estate was sorry to lose him. Even stern old Silva exhibited unwonted emotion as she shook hands with him.

"Good-bye, master!" "Good luck go with you!" "Come back to us soon," were words they repeated over and over again.

It was but a short distance to the port, and, as his luggage had been sent on board the ship, he resolved to walk thither. His road took him past the church of St. Jago, famous for the splendour of its interior and the fabulous wealth of its shrines. He paused there a moment to pray. When he rose from his knees, someone laid a hand lightly on his shoulder. He looked up, and to his inexpressible astonishment, beheld Ambrose.

"You here, Ambrose?" he exclaimed.

"I am here, in obedience to the orders of my superiors," replied Ambrose.

"But to cross the ocean, at your age!"

"The Master sets no limits to the wanderings of His servants. The pathless ocean, the trackless desert must be traversed so long as there are souls to save beyond them. I have been wonderfully strengthened and sustained in my toils. If distance and danger do not daunt you in the pursuit of wealth, why should they turn me back in the pursuit of salvation?"

"And Paquita?"

"After long and faithful service, she is gone to receive her reward," replied Ambrose. "On her deathbed she sent her love to you."

"Heaven rest her soul," said the Spaniard.

"Amen," responded Ambrose. "But whither are you going?"

"To Mexico. My ship awaits me in the bay."

"Men speak well of you here; it has rejoiced me to learn that you have made yourself a reputation. When do you return?"

"When Fortune wills," replied the adventurer.

"Say, rather, when Heaven decrees," replied Ambrose. "Go, then, my son, if you think that duty calls you. Forget not there, Ambrose prays Heaven to keep you in the right path, and take my blessing."

Don Ramon knelt to receive the benediction, and then, after a warm grasp of the hand, tore himself away. In half an hour he stood on the deck of a stanch brig, and soon the shores of the island were fading from his view.

After a prosperous voyage and a tedious overland journey, the adventurer reached his destination.

He arrived not one moment too soon. He found that his agent had been slack and idle, and the miners had just struck for arrears of wages. Against such a contingency he had come prepared. He instantly called the men together, examined their accounts, and announcing, while they were in good humour, that he had discharged his agent, and came to direct and share their labours himself, promising them, in addition to their regular pay, additional gratuities proportioned to the success of their operations, thus making his interests and theirs identical.

In a description of the labours that ensued, the difficulties met and overcome during two years of incessant activity, the hopes, fears, and doubts of Don Ramon, and his final success, the general reader would find but little interest.

Suffice it to say, that after realising a considerable profit from his mine, he sold it for a tolerably large sum, and found himself, at the expiration of the period just named, in the city of Mexico, making arrangements for his return to St. Domingo.

During this period of two years he had heard frequently from Silva, who was jogging along quietly on the estate in the old rut, the hands working well, the gold from the Green River rather more than paying expenses.

Ramon's other speculations had all turned out as poorly as he had feared they would when he left home. Nothing was to be expected from that quarter.

From Coralline he had received letters occasionally, all breathing a devoted attachment. Latterly she had urged him, in his own interest, not to hasten his return, but to remain in Mexico so long as fortune favoured him.

"She does not realise," thought Ramon, "that absence from her is a lingering death."

He was only waiting in the capital till he could take advantage of a government *conducta* which was to transport a large amount of specie that the Viceroy was sending to Vera Cruz for shipment to Spain.

Don Ramon obtained the privilege of transmitting the chest containing his ingots of specie by this train and of accompanying it to the coast.

The treasure was guarded by a strong detachment of cavalry.

He had invested some thousands of pounds in diamonds, which he had concealed on his person.

After the innumerable delays which attend all government movements in all countries, the train finally commenced its march, our adventurer well mounted and well armed, riding with the troopers.

They moved as rapidly as the roads would permit, and, as they obtained frequent relays of horses and mules, their progress was satisfactory.

One half this journey was performed without accident or obstacle, and Ramon's hopes rose as the distance that separated them from Vera Cruz diminished. There were, it is true, some ugly passes to be traversed, but no one dreamed that an enemy would dare attack a train so heavily guarded.

One morning, however, as they entered a defile where rough rocks arose on either side to a formidable height, a vedette came galloping in from the front, and reported to the commandant that he had been fired upon by a body of horsemen drawn up across the road where it debouched from the defile into the open highway.

The pass was too narrow to turn the waggons in, but the colonel ordered the teams to be unhitched

and harnessed to the rear, so that the waggons could be retrograded to a plain they had just left, and then packed in a hollow space—the best that could be done under the circumstances.

"A gold doubloon to every driver and every trooper who does his duty!" shouted Don Ramon.

At this moment however, the rear-guard closed up to the column at full gallop, the man in advance shouting that they had been attacked, and were pursued by a body of mounted brigands.

At the same instant, from the bushes and ravines that shaded and scarred the wall of rocks on their flanks, a sharp fire of musketry was opened by concealed assailants. The sudden assault created a panic among the teamsters and the teams. The mules reared, backed, kicked and plunged; drivers were knocked down and trodden under foot, and waggons overturned. In the midst of the confusion, the commandant, aided by Don Ramon, sought to rally the troopers to an efficient resistance.

One half the command was faced to the rear, and ordered to charge in that direction; the other half to push their way through the defile. But it was impossible to render the movement effectual. The road was blocked and choked up by the teams and waggons. Men continually dropped from their saddles under the galling fire from the rocks.

Still the rear-guard succeeded in driving back the enemy and clearing the way to the plains, which the *conducta* had just passed, before it was entangled in the pass.

The advantages, however, of this movement were lost by a disaster which occurred to the head of the column.

That portion of the command, encountering an overwhelming force, and decimated by the unerring bullets of the brigands, was panic-stricken, turned back, and came thundering through the defile, overwhelming the rear-guard and sweeping them away in their flight, as a mountain torrent, swollen by the rains, bears away trees and bridges in its wild career.

In vain did the commandant and Ramon menace the fugitives, cutting at them with their swords. They, too, were swept away, and when at the distance of a mile they succeeded in re-forming the handful of horsemen that were left, and facing them about, the disaster was complete.

The brigands swarmed down from the hillsides and from the front, and completely occupied the pass. While a strong force of their sharpshooters and mounted men held the Spanish cavalry at bay, their comrades broke open and rifled the treasure-chests, divided the spoils, and sent them up the mountains to the right and left.

The work of spoliation was accomplished in an exceedingly short space of time, and then, while the mounted thieves rode off at full speed, uttering a defiant cheer, their comrades on foot disappeared by hill-side paths, climbing the rocks with the agility of goats, and leaving behind them only empty waggons and chests and a heap of dead and wounded troopers and teamsters.

"You will bear me witness, Don Ramon, that I did my duty," said the colonel in command. "The men might have behaved better, but against a legion of devils, what could we do?"

"I have lost the fruits of two years' hand and brain work," muttered Don Ramon, gloomily. "Lost in half an hour! I am fated to fail in all I undertake. There is a spell, a curse upon me."

(To be continued.)

THE VEILED LADY.

BY THE

Author of "Fairleigh," "The Rival Sisters," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

TEN days had passed.

The singular bond of friendship contracted that dark night upon the deck of the Falcon had been a source of pleasure to the lonely youth ever since. It may seem unnatural that one whose pride and spirit so often controlled him, could condescend to form an friendly alliance with one so far his inferior in every respect. Every respect, did I say? Not so, for the heart of the humble negro was equal to, and beat with as noble emotions as the one which throbbed in the heart of the fiery-eyed youth.

And the latter, justly appreciating the sacrifice upon the part of his friend, freely extended to him that warmth of feeling which had first arisen in his heart, when he witnessed the unaccountable emotion and the strange devotion which the negro evinced.

In the meantime Dombey had acquainted the captain with his intention, and the latter, although greatly surprised and equally pained at losing so faithful a servant, had interposed no objection, for he had agreed with him when engaging him, that he should depart when and where he pleased.

With regret, with humid eyes, and an intense gra-

titude swelling within his breast as he uttered the words, the youth had informed Mrs. Linwood that he should leave the vessel at Brest.

The tears had dimmed the lady's eyes at this intelligence, and she had earnestly requested him to remain, and return with them.

Although the youth deeply appreciated the disinterested motives which actuated her in making this generous proposal, yet he had firmly but gently declined.

"Twas morning, and under reefed sails the Falcon glided gracefully towards the harbour of Brest, while looming up in the distance were the hills and spires of La Belle France.

Upon the deck, near the lee-bow, were Captain Linwood, his wife, and the youth, the latter of whom was gazing upon the new and varied scene spread out before him, with a commingling of strange feelings, which caused his fine dark eyes to shine with sadness, and then with wonder.

He was, however, presently aroused from his reverie by a pilot being signalled and taken on board.

Anchored in the stream off Ushant was a mammoth vessel, whose high masts seemed to lose themselves in the clouds, whose hull was thick, deep, and broad, and whose checkered ports and uniformed sentries proclaimed her a ship of war.

For some time the youth had looked admiringly upon her, and now as they drew near he said:

"That is a beautiful ship, just my ideal."

"It is truly majestic," answered the captain.

"What are those white squares?"

The captain gazed upon him in surprise, and then remembering that this was his introduction to life, smilingly replied:

"She is a line-of-battle-ship; those white squares to which you refer are her ports, from which, when open, the guns protrude."

"There are many of them."

"Yes, she is a seventy-four, as vessels of her class are commonly called."

"She has a pretty name, too," interposed Mrs. Linwood.

"Very inappropriate for a ship of war," observed her husband.

"What is it?" queried Frank.

"The Dawning Light," returned the captain;

"you can see it floating from her peak."

The youth was silent a moment, and then, while his eyes dilated, he murmured:

"Oh, how I should like to sail in that vessel; she bears such an air of grand, ominous silence, and like a volcano, her elements of destruction lie hidden beneath exterior beauty."

No words greeted him in answer, and turning his head he saw the captain at the wheel, and Mrs. Linwood nowhere in sight, but rightly conjectured that she had descended to the cabin.

In a short time the Falcon was moored in the stream.

After a few preliminary arrangements, and the boat to take them to the shore being in readiness, the youth went below to bid Mrs. Linwood adieu.

As he entered he extended his hand, and in a voice quivering with emotion, said:

"Mrs. Linwood, you are the first lady I ever saw, and you have treated me with that affection which I have so often dreamed of and pined for. I cannot tell you how much I thank you, or how sad I feel at leaving you, but rest assured that I shall never, never forget you, or that the first happy hours of my life were passed with you. Dear friend, farewell."

She arose, pressed his hand, imprinted a kiss upon his brow, and murmured:

"Adieu, dear boy, and in place of that love which a mother would give, may Heaven more bounteously bestow its blessings upon you. Farewell!"

And she turned away with dewy eyes.

The youth regarded her a moment with his dark orbs full of the light of love and sadness intermingled, and then drawing a deep sigh, turned and left the cabin.

Hardly had the door closed upon his retreating form when the steward entered by another. Awkwardly advancing, he said:

"Scuse me, missy, but I tought I nebber kin lebe widout spoken to yer."

"I am very glad you have come, Dombey, I wish to charge you with a mission."

"I is berry golly to do anything fur missy, 'deed I is."

"I do not doubt it; you have always been willing, faithful, and respectful. I want you to watch over Frank, protect him when in danger, and keep him from all that is evil."

"I ee a gwine to, missy; bress dat ar boy, I lube 'im, an' I'll fout dis ole woolly coc' nut off afore any fellah shall hurt him."

"I know you will, Dombey. Now, take this packet

and give it to him when you are far away. I would have given it to him myself, but he has so much pride he would not have accepted it. Now, good-bye, and may you be happy."

"Bress yer dear kinly face, missy," stammered Dombey, winking his eyes energetically. "I'll do all yu say, an' I hopes yu'll be berry golly too."

That was the negro's equivocal and somewhat ridiculous synonym for happy, but it was earnest and serious, although it seemed comical and volatile.

A moment he lingered, and after repeating his adieu several times, and making an awkward courtesy, turned and left the cabin.

As he reached the deck, he sought the captain, and sincerely said:

"I ee berry glum to lebe yu, Massa Capum, fur yer har allus been good to dis niggah, but dat ar boy he mus' be looked after."

"Good luck to you, my honest Dombey," responded the captain, grasping the rough black hand, "and when you wish to sail again, come to me."

Dombey muttered his thanks, and clambering over the side of the vessel, seated himself in the boat, wherein he had previously placed the effects of himself and the youth.

"Captain Linwood," said Frank, warmly clasping his friend's hand, "I may never see you again, for our paths are widely different, but I shall cherish the remembrance of my voyage with you as the first of the cases in my desert of existence. Adieu."

"I regret your departure, Frank, but you have decided. I go hence to Antwerp; should you still be here upon my return, and perchance have wearied of adventure, my ship shall welcome you. Farewell, my dear boy, and may Heaven bless you!"

The youth smiled faintly, spoke a few words to the mate, and then leaping over the port gunwale, entered the boat, and commanded:

"Give way, lads!"

Instantly the boat shot from the side of the boy's floating home, and with feelings of melancholy which he could not conquer, he saw the distance increase between him and the dear place where woman's love had first exercised over him its magic charm.

As the boat neared the quay he arose, and turning his eyes towards the ship, waved his cap on high. The floating of a handkerchief upon the air, and a fine womanly figure discernible in the distance, told him that Mrs. Linwood had answered his last farewell.

For a moment he gazed wistfully over the waters, and then seating himself, remained in an attitude of deep thought until the boat touched the shore.

With a parting word to the sailors, the youth disembarked, and followed by Dombey, proceeded up the wharf.

For some time they walked on in silence, which was at last broken by a drayman, who stopped directly before them, and accosted the youth with:

"Good morning, sir."

"Wat de ole boy ails dat ar fellah?" interrupted Dombey, showing his ivory, "he say his bone am sore, yah—yah!"

"Do you speak English?" asked Frank, ignoring his companion's mirth.

The Frenchman contracted his brows, and gesticated violently.

"Cum long, Massa Frank," cried Dombey, in mock alarm, "dat ar frogman hab got an ager fit; golly, see 'im shook!"

The scowl upon the Frenchman's face grew darker, and he turned away and angrily muttered:

"One must never bid defiance to a fool."

"Golly, did you har dat lingo?" laughed Dombey, "dat nuff to 'stract a niggah's eye too; wat a tung dem fellahs must hab golly; I guesses it am full ob holes, gess like a floatum bridge, un dat wat makes de wabble—yah!"

"You are very mirthful," said the youth, gravely;

"but you forget that we have no friends or shelter, and instead of wasting time in nonsense, we must look about, and find a place where we can eat and sleep."

"Wat's de use ob cryin', I'd like tar koo; wy don't you sing?"

And commencing to dance, Dombey broke forth in his favourite song, but was immediately interrupted by the youth, who sternly said:

"Silence, you are attracting attention; you must remember that we are strangers in a strange land."

"But I duns't want yu to be glum; wats de use? nebber do any good."

"I am not sad, but I wish to be quiet and orderly, and have you do the same."

"I ee a gwine tar, I nebber opin dis pate 'gin, I'll I gits sumfin to eat."

Frank compressed his lips, and endeavoured to check the smile which the words of his companion had called forth.

For some time they pursued their way in silence, the youth looking about with the hope of seeing an Englishman from whom he could gain information

of the place; and the negro with his head down, stumbling along, and muttering and chuckling alternately.

Frank had almost surrendered the hope of meeting one to whom his words would be intelligible, when an exclamation from Dombey caused him to turn his eyes to the other side of the street.

The pedestrian to whom the youth's attention was thus attracted, was a young man of a peculiarly intellectual face, expressing, however, more tact than talent, shaded by waving masses of flaxen hair, which somewhat relieved the sharpness of his features, and gave to them a strange look of interest, increased almost to a fascinating beauty, by the large almond-shaped eyes, which gleamed with a white light from under their heavy flaxen brows.

The youth crossed, and pausing, politely inquired: "Can you direct me to an inn where the English language is spoken?"

The stranger stopped abruptly, placed his fingers in the arm-holes of his vest, inclined his head, and gazed upon him with a glance of deep scrutiny. Having stared at him until the coal-black eye began to glisten with indignation, which brought a smile of satisfaction to the stranger's face, he drew nearer, and carelessly said:

"I've found you at last."

"Found me!" repeated the youth in astonishment; "what can you want of me?"

Ere he could speak, Dombey sprang between them, and ejaculated:

"Yu's foun' 'im, has you—by tunder, yu nebbber kin git 'im of yu has; jess touch dat ar boy, an' I'll make a door-mat out ob dat tow head of yours, quicker dan a possum climb a tree!"

The smile upon the stranger's face grew broader as he glanced at the shambling though powerful form of the irate negro, and then turning unconcernedly from him, and addressing the youth, rejoined:

"I have long been searching for a person my opposite in every respect. You are he."

"Well, what of that?" queried the youth, a little impatiently.

"Oh, nothing," answered the other, indifferently, "only I am rather glad to see you."

"Thank you," replied Frank, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone. "I appreciate your deep and sudden emotion, but should be better pleased to have you give me the direction I requested."

"I'm willing. Enter the next street on your right, take the next on the left, and you will find comfortable quarters."

And with these words, the stranger threw one more searching glance into the youth's face, and walked away.

For a moment Frank and his queer companion looked inquiringly into each other's face, then, while his brow became a mass of wrinkles, Dombey exclaimed:

"I swan tar alligators, Massa Frank, but dis am de funnest place; first, a fellah wid de long mouse-tash jumps into an apple-jack fit, an' den dar cums a white-headed coon, wat ax like a natch'ral born idiot dat tinks he kno's sumfin! Golly, I guess dars a managery sumwhar round 'yar, an' de cusesiasitys has got loose!"

Frank smiled, not at the remarks of his friend; he was reflecting, and deeply, upon the new and singular link which had been added to the chain of circumstances. At length he wearily said:

"I seem to be an especial object of marked observation, everybody seems to know me, and yet I can claim no acquaintance with anyone."

"Is you tawkins froggish, Massa Frank? Hang dis chile if he kno' wat dem ten-fut wuns meen."

"I will use plainer then; but come, let us move forward."

And with increased pace, the two proceeded to follow the route indicated by the stranger.

After a brisk walk they arrived at a small building, situated in a poor though respectable part of the town, from the front of which was suspended the sign:

"Hôtel Anglais."

Entering, they made known their wants, and were given a small room nearly at the top of the building.

As it was yet early in the forenoon, and dinner would not be served for some time, the youth and his sable friend ascended to their apartment.

"Dis am a grate place, wy de ole boy don't dey hev a char 'yar, whar kin a fellah decline?"

"Recline, you mean, Dombey," suggested the youth.

"Dat's what I means, sartin, but I dusn't allus depress myself 'zactly."

Well aware if he should attempt to correct the negro's phraseology, that he would have time for nothing else, the youth concluded to allow him to revel in the inconsistencies of his own diction, at the same time observing:

"Now, Dombey, we must talk soberly, and with-

out any nonsense. Of money we have but little, and we must work and get more. Now the question is, shall we stay here or go to Paris?"

The negro scratched his head a moment in profound silence, and then contracting his brows, slowly responded:

"Dis place, Massa Frank, am not fit for a gemman like yu an' a woolly-hed like me to stay in, an' I tinks de faa'ser we shoos its dusty dust off our futs de better."

"But we shall have to walk to Paris."

"Golly, am dar no railroads hyar?"

"Certainly; but we have no money to expend for riding."

Dombey shook his head wisely.

"Nebber yu be afear'd ob dat ar, dis chile look out fur dat."

"You are too kind. I shall not allow you to spend your hard-earned wages for my ease."

"Now yu jess hol' on, Massa Frank; my wages am safe 'nuff. I see more money, 'sides."

"More money? Where did you get it?"

"Yu dusn't 'pose, dis yer, dat missy 'ud let yu gwine widout—"

"What? Mrs. Linwood give you money for me?" and his head sank upon his chest. "I'm so sorry, so sorry, and yet she did it in all kindness; but I cannot, I will not keep it. I accept charity? Never! I will die first!"

And the fiery heart again showed itself through the brilliant gleams of the fiery eye.

Dombey gazed upon him in astonishment. It was the first time that he had seen the fiery side of the youth's nature, and looking up with his mouth wide open and his eyes dilated, he murmured:

"Golly, Massa Frank, hab yer gwine clar loony—wy dusn't yu keep it?"

"My nature forbids it. I will live without charity or parish—give it to me."

"It'll nebbber do, Massa Frank. Let me 'vise yu—keep it; Missy Linwood feel drefful glum."

"Will you give it to me?" and the tone was stern with anger.

The other started back as he saw the youth's blazing eyes, and sadly said:

"Am Massa Frank gwine to be vex wid ole Dombey? I jess wants yu to dis right, dat's all."

"Give me that money!" said the exasperated youth. "Or leave me, and never show your face again!"

The negro's head moved with a mournful motion from side to side, and he slowly returned:

"I'll gib yer de money, Massa Frank, an' yu kin sen' me clar if yu likes; but I'll foller yu ebberywhere, I'll nebbber leb yu gwine from de sight of dese ole eyes, nebbber."

The youth paid no attention to the words, but grasping the package, hastily opened it and took therefrom fifty golden sovereigns. As he did so a note fell to the floor. Quickly tearing it open, he read:

"DEAR BOY,—I dared not give this to you, well knowing that your high spirit would counsel a refusal, and consequently I entrusted it to Dombey to place in your hands when you are far away, with no motherly hand to guide and no motherly voice to cheer. You know that I feel great regard for you, and if you care for me you will accept this. If you do not, I shall know to my sorrow that you have not tried to quell your temper as you promised me you would, and that your pride has again triumphed over your noble qualities. Farewell once more, dear boy, and may Heaven cast your lot in pleasant places."

"Ever your friend, HELEN LINWOOD."

As he read, that brilliant eye by degrees became mild and finally dim, the compressed lips parted with a grateful smile and shed a light of tenderness over his features, and in the low tones of that melodious voice came the words:

"I was wrong. Her kindness, her love has again conquered."

"Dus yu keep de money?" asked Dombey, eagerly.

"Yes; I cannot wound her feelings enough to return it. And let me ask your forgiveness for my hard words?"

A glad smile spread itself over the negro's face, and he joyously responded:

"Nebber spoke 'bout dat, my dear little massa. Yu isn't to blame, de good Lord made yu full ob fire."

"Yes; but it is my place to control it, and He desires me to do so," mused the youth, feeling the reproof more keenly than if the speaker had been conscious of the depths of his own words. Then he added, aloud: "You are a good fellow, Dombey, and I will try and not speak cross to you again."

"Nebber min' dat, yu's a good massa, I dusn't want any better."

"But I am not your master. I am your friend."

"It am all de same wid me, long as knows 'an' 'fren—yah, yah, yah!"

And Dombey laughed at his own logic.

Presently the gong sounded for dinner, and the two, after a slight preparation, descended.

At the conclusion of the repast they strolled through the town, and returned to their room in season for the evening meal.

After tea they again adjourned to their room, and conversed until nine o'clock, at which time they retired, Dombey occupying the bed nearest the door, so that in any emergency he could protect his young friend.

The front room on the floor directly beneath the youth's apartment was quite large, and furnished excellently, but, nevertheless, it had a very common appearance, from the fact, that at the top of the partition there was a window, over which hung a green curtain, giving the room an untidy air.

'Twas the hour of ten; the youth and his sable companion were soundly sleeping.

In the centre of the room below stood a table, upon which were a decanter and glass, at the side of which sat John Moran, his features contorted into a look of malignant rage, mingled with mortification, while at intervals, with a vindictive, surly motion, he raised the glass to his lips, and sipped the brandy. At length he set the glass upon the table with such force that it was shivered to atoms, and, rising, he angrily ejaculated:

"The little fiend! He thought to get away from me but the ocean has no spot that I don't know. I saw him upon that barque, I see him now in the room above, for he is there, but soon he shall be again in my grasp, and then I'll chain him, I'll torment his life out of him, curse me if I don't!"

And clenching his fists he hurriedly paced the room, his teeth grating harshly together, and his eyes gleaming with diabolical revenge.

At that moment the green curtain which covered the window in the partition slowly moved, a man's hand, though white and slender, protruded, then the curtain rose higher, and disclosed the features of the flaxen-haired stranger. An instant he gazed upon the ferocious Moran, and then, while a derisive smile parted his lips, he murmured:

"How very loud you talk, Mr. Moran. I think wind must be a very prominent element of your composition. Good-night, we shall meet again."

Moran started, his eyes burned brighter. He looked hastily around the room, but saw nothing to excite his suspicion, the green curtain was down as usual, and cursing himself for his foolish imagination, he resumed his brandy and evil meditation.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY the next morning the youth and his companion arose, and, after partaking of breakfast, and remunerating the landlord, started upon their long journey towards Paris.

As they left Brest in their rear and were fairly upon the road, Dombey glanced doubtfully at the slight form of his youthful companion, and said:

"I dunno, Massa Frank, but I spees yu gwine be mity tired 'fore we gets tur wid dis, fur it am a pooty long tramp, an' yu no used to dis kin' of business."

"I am strong, Dombey; you need not fear for me. I should be perfectly contented did I not think that it is too much of a tax upon your endurance."

"Golly, dat am a good one—yah, yah—bress dat ar boy, jess har 'im tawk, as ef he wuz an old fadder—ho—yah!"

"I really cannot see the cause of your mirth. You must know that I am young and elastic—"

"Dus dat mean stretch?" interrupted Dombey, with a grin.

"Yes."

"Joss put yur peepers on me den, dus yu dat?"

And with his features twisted into one huge smile, his white, perfect teeth glistening, and his eyes ludicrously rolling, Dombey raised his hands above his head, and then slowly stretched his body to its full height, which was not one iota less than six feet three inches.

"Now wat dus yu tink, Massa Frank? Dis chile, he sum older dan yu, but wen yu tawk 'bout yu 'lastic, wy, he's dar."

"I have nothing more to say, Dombey," rejoined the youth, with a smile.

"Golly, I tought yu wouldn't hab, fur I see awful on the stretch, I see."

The youth made no answer, but walked along at a moderate pace, his eyes resting one moment upon a flitting bird, then at the teeming pastures, and then back again to his good-natured companion.

The hours flew on, and the sun nearing the zenith warned the travellers of the approach of noon.

Somewhat weary, and perspiring greatly from the effects of the heat, the youth paused, and seated himself upon a mossy bank at the roadside.

"What is yu gwine to do, Massa Frank?" queried Dombey, placing himself by his side.

The youth replied by opening his bundle, drawing



[MORAN'S THREAT OVERHEARD.]

therefrom some articles of food, and a canteen. Placing a paper upon the grass he laid their frugal meal upon it, and then said:

"Here is our dinner, help yourself, the first one that you and I have partaken together."

"Thanks you, Massa Frank, 'pects I will help dis chile; I hope we's a gwine to eat many be—"

"Well, Dombey?"

"I was a gwine to say bigger an better nus—yah—yah!"

"We must be thankful for what we have," returned the youth, with a sad, sweet smile.

"I is, Massa Frank—'deed I is; but I was a tinkin' how much more tankful I shud be ef dar was a roast goose, an' a pitcher of some good drink—yah, yah!"

The youth could not fail to perceive the excellent illustration which Dombey had unconsciously given of human nature. Those who are thankful for and content with a little, are the happiest on earth. Those who have much, have either ambition or selfishness to satisfy, which leads them to wish for more.

"Hab yu got anythin' to drink, Massa Frank?"

"Yes, water; and when you place that canteen to your lips, remember that I have drank from it in an open boat upon an open sea."

The black's eyes dilated with wonder, and he incredulously asked:

"Now, Massa Frank, doesn't you play possum on dis chile; but jess tel 'im if dat ar boat wus hitched to a ship."

"No, there was no vessel in sight; I was alone."

Dombey's face became very sympathetic and serious, and rising, and placing his hands on his knees, he slowly said:

"Did you, Massa Frank, did you—"

"Well, Dombey? go on."

"Did you see anything of poor Old Robinson Crusoe?"

The words were so different from the thoughts which his looks indicated were passing in his mind, and expressed with such a ludicrous air, that the youth could not restrain his laughter, and in melodious peals it floated upon the balmy air.

Immediately Dombey caught the spirit of it, and his sonorous voice soon mingled in discord with that of the youth. Anon, the negro became violently excited, and throwing himself upon the grass, he rolled about, swinging his arms, and vociferating:

"If I wuz a crow, how I could fly!
Oh, yah, yah, yah!
But I'm so long, I darasn't try—
Oh, yah, yah, yah!"

At that moment a peasant passing by the way, paused, and gazing for a moment at the ridiculous actions of the negro, smiled pleasantly, and jocosely said:

"The more fools, the most fun."

The sound of a voice recalled the youth to a sense of his position, and as he reflected that he had been laughing, actually laughing, at his terrible experience in that little boat, he shuddered, and then philosophically mused:

"Such is life; when sorrow is happily passed, we smile at the thoughts of it, when we have escaped danger we ridicule it. Ah, me, we mortals are inconsistent and vacillating."

"Wat yu tawks tur yursel' 'bout, Massa Frank, jes like de ole snuff-sniffer—yah."

The youth ignored his question, and repacking his bundle, said:

"Come, Dombey, we must move on."

"All rite, Massa Frank, I'se ready," responded the negro, springing to his feet.

With rapid strides the travellers started forward, but ere a mile had been gained they were obliged to moderate their pace, for the heat was oppressive, and that portion of the road being devoid of trees, the sun blazed directly down upon them.

At intervals they paused, rested a few moments, imbibed a draught of water from the canteen, and then with new energy again pushed on.

At length the sun declined to the Occident, the air became cooler, and under its refreshing effect the travellers went on with more speed, and feeling very glad that the night hovered near.

Twilight came and passed, and the dusky shadows of evening were slowly spreading their mantle of darkness over the earth, when the weary youth and his companion entered a gloomy portion of the road flanked on either side by dense woods.

With his head down the negro plodded along, now and then uttering a few ridiculous words to cheer his companion, and then lowly singing.

With his large full eyes resting meditatively upon the ground, Frank moved on at a regular step, keeping, however, a few feet in the rear of his companion, whose strides partook much of the nature, if not of the length, of the wonderful "seven-league boots" treated of in fairy tales.

A noiseless spring, a quick blow, and the youth was felled to the earth, his arms pinioned, his voice stifled, and his strength rendered useless—all in an instant.

With no idea of the danger lurking near, or no thought but that his "dear little massa" was walking in his rear, the negro moved on. At length he

thought it time to speak again, that the youth might forget his weariness in laughter, and accordingly said:

"I'se tinkin' ob sumfin to eat, isn't you, Massa Frank?"

No answer.

"Why duns't spoke, praps yu tink I'se foolin', but I isn't, no, sah!"

A moment he anxiously awaited a reply, and then looked around.

He beheld a scene which thrilled every nerve with horror and anger. There lay the youth, pinioned, and writhing and struggling desperately to free himself, while looking down upon him with a cold, mocking smile stood a dark-browed, coarse-featured, repulsive man.

For an instant the negro stood silent, while many and violent emotions surged within his breast, then dropping his bundle he uttered a maniacal cry, and clearing the intervening space at one leap, sprang with the ferocity of an enraged tiger upon the unsuspecting villain.

So quick and determined had been his action, that before Moran could defend himself, he was prostrated upon the ground, while round his neck, in vice-like grasp, Dombey's fingers closed.

"Blot yur picture, yu grizzly debbil, take dat."

And the negro's giant fist descended upon the miscreant's head with such force as to produce insensibility.

An instant Dombey gazed upon him to be sure that he was quiet, then hastily approaching the youth, bent down, and proceeded to cut the cord that bound him.

Ere his knife had severed the rope, a brawny hand descended with crushing force upon his head, and with a half-suppressed cry the faithful fellow sank back inanimate.

The ruffian who had struck the blow gave the body a brutal kick, and then bending over Moran, forced some liquor between his lips, and chafed his forehead.

Presently Moran returned to consciousness, and arising, glanced vacantly around; then the haze floated away from his senses, the old demoniacal smile curled his lips, his eyes gleamed, and advancing to the youth, he hissed:

"I've got you now, and I'll thrash you into obeying—you cur, you viper!"

Oh, how that fiery heart throbbed as he said:

"Oh, if I had only killed you, you fiend—you demon! But a time shall come when you shall suffer for this!"

(To be continued.)



[LADY HILDA'S THANKS.]

STONIO.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING changed his three hundred enemies to three hundred friends, and thereby unconsciously increased the hatred of Diego Alva, Stonio hastened towards the carriage, not to receive the well-merited thanks of those whose lives he had saved, but to recover his tools—his mallet and chisel.

"Here, man," cried the count, in a voice still tremulous from fright, "open this door, so that I may leave the carriage."

The vehicle was still violently swaying about from the fierce struggles of the two prostrate horses in their attempts to regain their feet, and there was still great danger that it might be dragged along, should they succeed, and be toppled into the quarry.

The driver and footman were hurriedly scrambling from their seats, and the whole scene was one of confusion—the pole of the carriage shattered, the horses struggling, the footman and driver cursing and howling, the count fumbling and fuming at the lock of the door, and the young lady evidently as alarmed as ever.

The young noble still leaned back in his seat, with folded arms, and his dark haughty face, pale yet, but frowning, turned towards the marble-yard.

"Come, come!" cried the count, as the carriage, already within a few feet of the quarry's edge, was suddenly twisted a few inches nearer; "make haste, make haste to let me out!"

"The lady first," said Stonio, as with a light bound, little to be expected in one of his calling and powerful frame, he sprang upon the spoke of one of the carriage wheels, and leaning over the side of the vehicle, extended his arms towards the lady.

Not until that instant did the haughty features of the young noble lose the marble-like immobility which was their prominent peculiarity. A scornful smile curled about his thin, delicate lips, and a flame, red and glowing, seemed to flash a sombre brightness over his face, as he saw this man, in the garb of a stone-cutter, apparently about to grasp the form of Lady Hilda; and rising in the carriage, he said laughingly:

"Back, fellow! Would you put your dirty hands upon a lady?"

"Yes, or upon an angel, when a devil is near!" boldly replied the stone-cutter, returning the haughty stare of the noble with a piercing, defiant glance; and lifting Lady Hilda from the carriage as if she

were a child, he placed her upon her feet in the street, bowed, and said:

"Pardon my touch, lady, for there was still danger where you were."

He was back to the carriage in an instant, and with a single exertion of his right hand tore open the door at which the count was struggling. The lock had become jammed by the twisting and wrenching of the carriage when it was checked by collision with the prostrate horses, so that when Stonio jerked open the door, he tore it bodily from hinges and lock fastenings, exhibiting in that single act a prowess of arms which caused the young noble to think twice before striking him with his cane, as he had a desire to do.

"Now, Don Pedro, you may descend," said Stonio, as with a rapid movement he lowered the steps of the carriage. "Haste, sir, for these mad brutes seem determined to have the carriage over the brink."

The count, heavy and slow, floundered to the ground just as the horses, having regained their feet, reared and plunged forward; the harness of the two dead brutes was snapped asunder, the driver and footman beaten down, and then, with a mad leap, one of the horses went over the brink, dragging the other after him.

The carriage would certainly have gone over also, had not Stonio snatched from the driver's hand the knife the man had not dared to use, and cut the traces. And had the carriage gone over, certainly the haughty young noble would have gone with it, and been dashed to pieces on the sharp-pointed rocks fifty feet below, for he still remained in the vehicle, cold, calm, and contemptuous.

The killing of the horses, the words of Stonio to the men in the yard, and all that happened afterwards, up to the moment when the surviving horses disappeared over the brink of the quarry, happened in far less time than we have used in narrating what took place.

"Santa Maria!" spluttered the count, and these were the first words he had found breath to utter after his rescue from the carriage. "Santa Maria!" he repeated, staring at the wreck, and then at the undisturbed face of the young noble. "Santa Maria!" said he for the third time, and now with a groan, "four magnificent horses killed outright."

"And five human lives saved!" exclaimed Lady Hilda, offering both of her fair hands to the stone-cutter as she added, "and not the less grateful to God and you, Senor, is Hilda, Countess of Valveda. Nay, give me no bow, sir; give me your hands, both of them, as I offer you mine, freely and heartily,

that I may grasp them as my heart grasps your noble courage and admirable address."

She thought him a man far past middle age, for, as we have intimated, his hair and beard were grimed and white with marble-dust, and so indeed were his eyebrows and his face. Whether he was handsome or not, old or young, would have made no difference with warm and noble-hearted Hilda Montredores. She believed him to be as he appeared in that coarse garb and with the dust of honest labour upon him, a stone-cutter, and no more; and had he been a stately young duke, radiant in gleaming diamonds and glossy velvet, her heart could not have felt towards him more cordially than it did, as she clasped his strong, hardened palms in her white, soft hands, and said:

"You have saved me from a dreadful death, sir, and all my life I shall pray for your happiness; and if there is anything you may need, all that I can do or give shall be at your disposal."

He had not lifted his hat from his head, though he had touched it gracefully and with an ease that had caught the quick observation of the haughty young noble still sitting in the shattered carriage; but Stonio was not one to bare his head before titled personages because they and not he were titled. He would have bared it to the lady, had that cold, proud hidalgo in the carriage not been so near; but to lift his hat when the supercilious noble was there at his elbow, would have seemed a salutation half meant for him.

But when Lady Hilda released his hands he took off his hat, and so revealed to her surprised eyes his raven-black and glossy hair, and the smooth, un-wrinkled whiteness of a broad lofty forehead, till then hidden by his hat.

"Ah, you are a young man," she said, blushing deeply, and letting her veil fall quickly over her face; but raising it again, she added: "Young or old, you have acquired a right to see the face of the one whose life you have saved."

"Ha! hum! here, my man!" said Count Pedro, advancing, after a cautious peep over the edge of the quarry. "Are you sure, now, positively sure, that the horses would have kept straight on—ahem— and dragged us over?"

"Of course," replied Stonio, surprised at the question.

"They might have turned, you know, just here, say, and gone on down or up this street until stopped—as they soon would have been," said the count. "Don't you think so, now that it is all over?"

Stonio, who had replaced his hat the instant the

count addressed him, merely shook his head in reply.

"And now that it is all over, my man," continued the count, pointedly, are you sure there was no way by which you could have checked or turned aside those splendid animals, except by—by slaughtering them?"

"If I had not killed them as I did, and when I did, sir, the world, and especially the stone-cutters of Lisbon, would now be weeping over your shattered body," replied Stonio, with a quiet irony lost upon Count Pedro, but detected by the observant young noble.

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," said the count. "Is that your opinion, Prince Enrique?" he added, addressing the noble in the carriage.

"But for the presence of this mechanic," replied the noble, with a cold, contemptuous emphasis upon the word mechanic, and a supercilious glance towards Stonio, "we would now be lying dead or mangled in the quarry there. But whether your stone-cutters would be laughing or weeping over the body of your excellency, is another affair. Stone-cutter, I owe you my life, and here is my purse, in which you will find a few doubloons."

He did not finish his speech, not considering it worth his breath, but tossed a purse not overfilled from the carriage to Stonio.

The latter carelessly placed his heel upon the purse as it lay upon the ground, and gazing steadily at the proud young noble, said coldly:

"Perhaps Prince Enrique rightly values his life to be worth no more than the few doubloons in this purse; but I should be better rewarded for saving that life had you given me your hand and a hearty 'God bless you, my friend,' than had you buried me as deep in gold as I now grind your purse into the dust."

And suiting the action to the word, the speaker crushed the silken purse and its glittering contents deep into the soil.

"Bah! ruffian!" said the noble, shrugging his shoulders and smiling scornfully, as if the whole affair was beneath his notice; yet his swarthy cheek grew ashy pale, and his dark eyes glittered with rage.

"Ah," whispered Lady Hilda hastily to Stonio, "you do rashly to offend him. It is Prince Enrique, Duke del Lorno. You are doubtless a stranger in Lisbon, or you would hesitate to make him your enemy. His hate is deadly, his malice merciless, his power great, his influence at court immense."

She would have said more had not Prince Enrique, who was secretly enraged by her condescension to the stone-cutter, called out from the carriage:

"Lady Hilda, you will spoil that fellow, who is too proud already. Since he scorns gold, do not waste your thanks upon him."

Stonio was about to retort, when Lady Hilda placed her hand upon his sleeve and whispered:

"Take care! He is only endeavouring to irritate you, to have an excuse to set his bravos upon you. I pray you go away at once, and take this ring with you as a token of my gratitude."

She covertly slipped a jewelled ring from her finger, and placed it in Stonio's palm, with a rapid movement which she sought to conceal with her silken scarf, adding hurriedly:

"I wish to see you again, and—"

But here again her speech was checked by the approach of Prince Enrique, who had by this time leaped lightly from the shattered carriage, and advanced, saying:

"Lady Hilda, let me lead you from this place instantly. There is a riot at hand!"

Even as he spoke the hoarse, fierce roar of hundreds of angry men—that same wild roar of rage which had swept through the great yard as the workmen hurled their tools to the ground when the cathedral clock began to strike six, again filled the air. But now with the roar were mingled shrieks of terrified men, and sharp cries of pain.

Stonio had the gift of Lady Hilda still in his hand, having had no time to accept or decline it; and as this roar of angry and terrified voices fell upon his ear he turned his eyes instantly towards the yard.

A riot had already begun. It had been smouldering in fierce heats all day. But a breath was needed to kindle it into furious flame, and that breath was the act of one man.

CHAPTER IV.

DON ALVA had been terrified by the threatening clamour which had arisen as the clock began to strike. His blood had turned to ice as the eyes of three hundred of his oppressed workmen glared hate and menace at him as from the eyes of one man. He had trembled in extreme terror, his limbs had given way under him, and but for a great unheeded block of stone near him, he would have then sunk to the ground, overcome with cowardly despair.

But the accident to Count Pedro's carriage happening just then, diverted for the moment the attention of the workmen, and their rage, so suddenly bursting forth, seemed to have died out in their loud welcome of the presence and safety of Lady Hilda.

Don Alva, reassured by the vicinity of the Count and Prince Enrique, whom he knew well, and especially by the sight in the distance of the rapidly approaching retinues of the two nobles, felt his blood instantly changed from the chill of extreme terror to the flame of a rage which required immediate vent.

He saw then in the distance, but rapidly retreating toward the marble-yards, the strong armed retinues of the two powerful nobles—retinues composed of daring and disciplined men; for the count, as Treasurer of the kingdom, was ever attended by a company of the Royal Guards, on foot or mounted; and the prince, a natural son of the king, affected great state, as if of legitimate royal blood, and his body-guard, numerous and gaudily garbed, was made up of some of the most desperate characters of Portugal, both white and black, and of the latter there were hundreds then in the city.

The runaway horses of Count Pedro had for a time left these guards far in the rear, but they were now advancing at full speed, their burnished arms and trappings glittering in the last rays of the setting sun, and a cloud of dust rolling up around and behind them.

Had Don Alva held his tongue, the storm pent up all day, but existing for months, would not have burst that day. But, being infuriated because of his late terror, which was still cold and damp around the roots of his hair, the superintendent, pencil in hand, pushed amid the workmen, taking down the name of this one and that one, to be reported to the count for special rebuke or discharge, or to be arrested as intending to create a riot.

The workmen for a time made no reply to his insulting enoers and reproaches, though they knew that to be arrested for an attempt at riot upon the accusation of Don Alva was to be imprisoned for weary days or weeks, or more, in horrible cells. But one at length made an angry, sullen reply, as his name was written down by an assistant of Don Alva, and the assistant, who was as great a tyrant as his superior, dealt the man a blow with his foot.

Had the blow been with the hand, it might have been received with a growl of surly rage, and no more, or been avenged at some other time with a secret thrust of the stiletto; but a kick!—the act was unpardonable, insupportable to Portuguese blood! Only dogs and slaves were kicked in Lisbon; and as the man suffered this insult, he uttered a hoarse cry of rage, snatched up a great jagged fragment of marble, and hurled it with all a mad-man's strength into the face of the assistant.

The aim was sure, the force immense, the intent murderous, and the result horrible. The assistant's entire face, from forehead to chin, from temple to temple, was crashed in like a nut under a hammer. He toppled headlong backwards, dead before his death-agony could arise to his lips.

Don Alva was terrified; he uttered a sharp shriek of horror, and his only thought was of flight. Then arose the roar of angry men, made doubly savage by the sight of blood shed by one of their number, and again hundreds of eyes glowing with hate were flashed upon the superintendent and his sycophantic minions.

All knew that the deed would be visited indiscriminately upon all, and that Alva and his assistants would be both accusers and witnesses.

"Kill him! kill Alva!" cried a voice; and as a spark fires a magazine, this cry, shrill and fierce, fired the workmen to brutal deeds.

A rush was made toward Don Alva and his six or eight assistants.

There were a few old, steady, and gray-haired artisans who strove to prevent murder outright. Even they were eager that their tyrants should be beaten and hustled about as a merited punishment, but they were opposed to inflicting death.

Their opposition enabled Don Alva to escape from the centre of the surging, roaring mob, and to direct his course toward the group at the brink of the quarry, to which the retinues of the two nobles were also hastening.

It was at this moment that Stonio glanced toward the yards, for all that has been related as passing there transpired in a few instants.

Three of Don Alva's assistants were in the grasp of a hundred angry hands, and their shrill screams of terror and anguish rose keenly above the hoarse shouts and murderous execrations of those who were putting them to death. The number of those who strove to deal fatal blows impeded a quick ending of the miseries of these three wretches, upon whom rained a storm of blows, half parried by random thrusts, strokes, and grasps.

Three other assistants closely followed Don Alva,

as he bounded through the yard and scrambled up the steep, though not very deep sides to the paved street above.

Scores of infuriated men were in fierce pursuit, hurling stones, mallets, chisels, and other tools, with sharp fragments of rock, after the fugitives.

Don Alva had once been renowned for his fleetness of foot, but years of ease and pampering indulgence had shortened his wind, so that though at first he left his pursuers rapidly more and more in his rear, he sank down exhausted as he reached the street, and sprawled out breathless in the dust.

Glancing back into the yard he had left, he saw the three assistants who had followed him so closely beaten down, rushed upon, and disappear amid the great wave of maddened men, as it roared over their mangled bodies, and swept on swiftly towards where he lay gasping.

Turning his eyes in another direction, he saw the fate of his three other assistants was already sealed, and that now the entire force of the yards, including a gang of galley-slaves just liberated from their shackles by the workmen, was surging towards him, roaring as with one voice:

"Death to Diego Alva!"

His powers seemed paralysed. He tried in vain to rise to his feet. Twice he nearly succeeded, and twice his knees sank under him, carrying his mouth to the dust. Half-raised upon one elbow, he turned his terrified face, all besmeared with dust, sweat, and blood, towards the carriage of Count Pedro, to see the powerful form of Stonio bounding towards him.

Remembering his fear of this mysterious man, and the many covert insults he had thrust at him during the day, Don Alva could only groan:

"He hastens to be the first to kill me!"

Then gazing beyond the dreaded stone-cutter, he saw that the retinue of the two nobles could not possibly reach him in time to save him from the rage and fury of the mob, even were Stonio to spare him.

But the guards of the nobles were coming up rapidly, and he could barely make out that Count Pedro and Prince Enrique were urging them on to greater speed.

"Too late! too late!" groaned the miserable man, as his glance swept the situation. "It is death from Stonio, or death from the mob—one or the other!"

And with a wild, shrill howl of cowardly despair, like that of a bayed and mortally wounded wolf, he closed his eyes just as the tremendous leaps of Stonio carried the stone-cutter to his side, and near enough to brain or stab him, if Stonio wished.

Don Alva uttered another wild, shrill howl as Stonio seized him by the waist and swung him high in the air, as if about to hurl him bodily back into the yard, up whose sides the infuriated mob was now sweeping, a living mass of rage and hate, not five paces from him.

"Mercy!" cried Don Alva, as he was swung up by those powerful arms. "Mercy!"

"Death to Diego Alva!" pealed from hundreds of throats.

"Back! I defend this man! I demand the life of Diego Alva!" shouted Stonio, as the foremost of the pursuers rushed blindly towards him.

"Death to Diego Alva!" again roared the workmen, now almost surrounding Stonio, whose left arm encircled the form of the half-deaf superintendent, as he held him aloft upon his shoulder.

"Whoever harms Diego Alva, must first attack me!" shouted Stonio, as he confronted the mob, and raised his heavy mallet to defend or assail.

"Ah!" gasped Don Alva, opening his eyes.

"This man intends to save my life." But as he glared about him, and saw the circle of flaming eyes, enraged faces, outstretched arms, and brandished weapons, and heard the yell of scorn with which Stonio's words were greeted, he howled again for mercy, and strove to catch a glimpse of the guards of his master.

They were coming, coming like a tempest, spears and spikes levelled, swords drawn, muskets ready. But in all probability, before they could reach that spot, he and Stonio also would be torn into shreds by the mad mob.

CHAPTER V.

STONIO had sprang from the presence of Lady Hilda the instant he saw that the riot in the yard had begun. As we have endeavoured to show, this riot began suddenly; was, in fact, an explosion—yet not one wholly unexpected by the young stone-cutter. His observant eyes and ears, and his knowledge of men, had told him that it was coming, was near at hand, though days might pass before it took place.

A glance showed him all; and thrusting Lady Hilda's ring into a pocket in the bosom of his blouse, he had bounded away towards the yard with but one purpose, and that purpose was to save the life of Diego Alva.

He had neither love, reverence, friendship, nor respect for the man, but the life of Diego Alva was something very important to him. He could not have averted the outbreak if he would. That had been the slow and sure growth of months. His sympathies were wholly with the workmen, for he hated tyranny, and knew they had been mercilessly oppressed. Yet Diego Alva, bad and utterly base as he was, was to be saved from a richly merited death if possible—at least for the time—and therefore Stonio used his utmost speed and vigor to meet the superintendent as he saw him flying from his enemies.

"Santa Maria!" cried Count Pedro, growing as lividly pale as he was when in the endangered carriage. "A riot! Why—what? a riot in my yards! fearful! scandalous! A strike, and then a riot?"

"Undoubtedly," said Prince Enrique. "Come, Lady Hilda, we shall be between the mob and our retainers, who are already very near. Let us withdraw to yonder balcony; there may be some rare sport."

"Do you call a scene like that sport, Don Enrique?" asked Lady Hilda, shuddering, for the roar of the workmen was indeed appalling.

She and the prince, followed by the count, were now hastening towards a small stone two-story house, the shop and dwelling of a confectioner, from the windows of the second story of which was a small balcony.

The proprietor of the shop, a small, thin man, with a very large head and fat face, was at his door, and hurried to obey as the prince called out: "Haste, fellow! Lead us to the balcony above, this instant."

Just as Diego Alva had scaled the sides of the yard and fell sprawling upon the street, they emerged from the single window opening upon the balcony.

A fair view of all was there visible, and the nobles were also able, from so prominent and commanding a position, to direct the movements of their guards, who at that moment arrived within hearing.

"Charge, Alvarez! Charge the rascally mob!" cried Prince Enrique, to the captain of his guards, as the officer lifted his plumed hat and raised his eyes to the balcony.

"At the dogs, Valdo! Drive them out of my yards!" roared Count Pedro, to the chief of the royal musketeers. "No quarter for them, Berna!" he added, to the captain of his own body-guard. "Save Don Alva at all hazards! Charge!"

The united force of these guards—the retinue of Prince Enrique and that of Count Pedro, with the customary escort of the latter as Treasurer of the kingdom—numbered fully a hundred men, well armed, well disciplined, and composed of several nationalities.

Lady Hilda, gazing fearfully from the balcony as these men came up, recognised Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Italian faces, fierce, dark, and savage, with here and there a German and a Moorish countenance; while half a score of the retinue of Prince Enrique were native Africans, of great stature and fierce visages, from which their savage eyes gleamed ferociously. It was the fashion in Lisbon for the great and wealthy to make much display of their black slaves in their retinues, and Prince Enrique's body-guard boasted of these ten African giants, who, in half-barbaric garb, were utterly barbarian in their character and habits, their military discipline excepted.

The guards swept on at a rapid bounding pace, and as Prince Enrique gazed after them he said:

"It is all over with Don Alva, for the stone-cutter who slew your horses, Count Pedro, will reach your luckless superintendent first, and doubtless slay him also."

Count Pedro, being engaged in shouting himself hoarse, to increase, if possible, the speed of the guards, did not hear this remark; but Lady Hilda replied:

"So brave a man cannot be so base, Prince Enrique."

"Indeed! You appear to have conceived a strange fancy for that dusky mechanic," remarked the prince, with a scarcely perceptible sneer. "But see! He is upon Don Alva—he seizes him—he swings him aloft to hurl him to those wolves!"

"No! no!" exclaimed Lady Hilda. "He means to defend him! to save him as he saved us! Noble heart! to dare the rage of those madmen!"

"Noble fool!" said Prince Enrique, contemptuously. "Do you hear those cries? Death to Diego Alva! Death to Pedro Riaz!"

"Eh? do they threaten me with death?" exclaimed Count Pedro.

"You hear them," replied the prince, as the cries of the mob swelled upward.

Those around Stonio had not yet closed in his rear, and taking advantage of the momentary pause caused by his unexpected protection of Don Alva, he bounded across the street, hurled the superintendent into an open window, and turned again to confront the mob, which, however, with the excep-

tion of a few, now saw that the approaching guards intended more than merely to disperse them.

During the rush of Stonio towards the open window, a random shot from one of the muskets of the guards had sped a ball to the heart of a workman much esteemed by the stone-cutters, and as he fell he cried:

"Death to Pedro Riaz!"

The dying cry of this man, one of the most popular leaders of the late "strike," and the fact that he was slain, was known by all in an instant, as if by magic, and the cry was at once added to that of "Death to Diego Alva!"—the act of Stonio not being known to all.

The shot was accidental, but this was not known to the workmen, who had already resolved to give way before the guards without a struggle, and postpone their vengeance upon Don Alva; but the effect of the shot was to turn their rage to sudden madness, and instead of flying in every direction, they rushed up the street to close with an armed and disciplined force nearly one-third of their own number.

In one great essential for a successful struggle, the workmen had an immense advantage, and this advantage was breath.

The guards had been running for a long time at full speed before they were near enough to receive the orders of the two nobles, and Lady Hilda had remarked how they panted for breath as they swept under the balcony—all except the ten gigantic Africans of Prince Enrique's body-guard, whose limbs, wind, and sinews had been taught never to flag under a day's march at full trot.

Among the workmen of the d'Ulloa yards, there were many who had served in camp and field, and the thirty-five liberated galley-slaves were as used to act in concert as the best disciplined soldiers of Portugal.

These desperate men were among those who pressed to meet the coming charge, armed with heavy links of chain, sledges, iron bars, and several with axes, caught up from the workshops of the yards.

The twenty royal musketeers of the count halted as the swarm of workmen advanced, and discharged their guns at them.

A man dropped here and there among the galley-slaves, dead or badly wounded, but their comrades bounded on unappalled.

The people of Southern Europe are the most fiery in the world in a first charge, plunging into battle with a recklessness like madness, and wounding or slaying with the fury of demons; and so, with wild yells and cries, the galley-slaves, to whom life was a perpetual slavery and often torture, and the foremost of the infuriated workmen, sprang on over the dead and wounded.

"It seems as if they mean to attack the guards!" gasped the count. "What madness!"

Prince Enrique made no reply, but smiled contemptuously. He had full confidence in the power of law and discipline. The scene to him was a pleasant excitement, nothing more; but something better and rarer than the bull-fights, of which he was a great patron.

"Santa Maria!" cried the count. "They actually leap upon the pikes of the guards!"

This was true. The full-breathed men of the yards closed with the almost breathless guards, and in an instant were within their ranks, wrenching their pikes from their hands, dealing fearful blows with iron, wood, rock, and steel. Several of their number were pierced by the sharp points of the lances, pikes, and bayonets, but their fall was instantly avenged.

"Why—why—Santa Maria!" sputtered the count. "It seems as if the guards are about to be routed."

"My Africa have not begun yet," said Prince Enrique, calmly.

"Oh! they are at it now," cried the count, as his eyes caught the flash of bright scimitars rising and falling.

"Ah! I can no longer gaze upon this dreadful scene," exclaimed Lady Hilda, recoiling towards the window of the balcony.

"I wonder if our friend, the bold stone-cutter, is there," remarked Prince Enrique, carelessly.

"Your Africa are getting the worst of it," said the count. "Santa Maria! they are broken up and scattered."

Prince Enrique uttered a fierce cry of rage. His supposed invincible Africa had met more than their match in the fierce galley-slaves—desperate and powerful men, who had been compelled a few days before to exchange the slavery of the oar for the labour of the marble-yards.

Missiles of every kind, too, were hurled against those ten giants of the Africa soil; and when half of their number had fallen, the compact front they had presented was broken, and the rest scattered, each with half a score of men aiming at his life.

"Death to Pedro Riaz! Death to Enrique del Lorno!" cried the mob, as the guards, or such as

remained of them, were being compelled to fall back towards the confectioner's house.

"Ah! they dare clamour for my death also!" exclaimed the prince, as his swarthy face became darker, and as his hand grasped at his sword-hilt. "This is more than a riot; this is an insurrection!"

The surviving guards, less than fifty in number, acting now altogether on the defensive, were falling back toward the confectioner's rapidly, when Stonio suddenly appeared at the window opening upon the balcony; and at the same moment several of the galley-slaves were seen running toward the confectioner's shop, followed by many of the workmen.

To explain the appearance of the stone-cutter at the window, it is necessary only to state that after the pursuit of the crowd had been turned from Don Alva by the approach of the guards, Stonio had leaped through that open window to the room into which he had tossed the superintendent, and again snatching him up, carried him into room adjacent, greatly to the amazement of the owner of the house and his family.

"Now use what strength you have, Don Alva," whispered Stonio, as he placed him upon his feet. "Escape from the rear, if you can. I know nothing of the locality, and must return to the street."

Don Alva and the owner of the house, who knew him well, immediately left the room by the rear, while Stonio hurried back to the window on the street.

He did not, however, take any part in the fierce conflict which he found raging, but after a time turned to one of the occupants of the house, and said:

"Is there any way by which I can make a rear approach to the confectioner's shop on the other square? I mean that, on the balcony of which a lady and two gentlemen are standing?"

"That near the quarry?" asked a servant of the house. "Oh, yes, if you are acquainted with the locality about here."

"But I am not. Will you guide me?"

"You are one of the rioters—"

"No, I am not."

"You are one of the stone-cutters?"

"Oh, of course."

"And they are all crying, 'Death to Pedro Riaz.'"

"True, and I wish to save him. You may see that the guards are already getting the worst of the fight—"

"Oh, if you wish to save the count it is another matter," said the man. "The count is a creditor of my master, and— But how do I know that you wish to save the count?"

"Did you not see me save Don Alva?"

"True. But the count is prudent. He will leave that balcony when he sees that the guards are routed."

"I see. You do not wish to leave the scene."

"True. It is far better than a bull-fight," replied the man, grinning.

"Here is a piece of gold. It is yours. Now show me the speediest way to the rear of that confectionery," said Stonio, slipping a golden coin into the man's hand.

"Good. Come!" replied the man, darting away, and followed by Stonio.

Guided by this man, Stonio was soon running through rear yards, scrambling over walls, leaping over fences, dashing through narrow alleys, until at last, when he had begun to suspect his guide was playing some trick upon him, the man halted, and pointing at an open door in the rear of a small two-story house, said:

"If any of the rioters suspect that I have done anything to save the life of Count Pedro, my head would not be safe, so I dare go no further with you. There is the confectioner's—we have made a great circuit—"

But Stonio paused no longer than to hear the words, "there is the confectioner's," and sped away as if his life, and not that of Count Pedro, depended upon his speed.

He had no more love, friendship, nor esteem for Count Pedro than he had for Don Alva, and yet he was more eager to save the life of the count than if he had been to save that of the superintendent. If the life of Don Alva, for the time, was important to the success of his presence in Lisbon, that of the count was still more so. Therefore, with leaps like the bounds of a leopard, he sprang across the distance between his late guide and the confectioner's, and darting into the house, immediately made his way to the window which opened upon the balcony.

"Prince," he said, to the young noble, rapidly, "lead the lady from this house instantly. Count Pedro, your life will be lost if you remain here a minute longer. Ah, I fear it is already too late," he added, as he glanced into the street.

As we have stated, several of the liberated galley-slaves, followed by many of the stone-cutters, had left the final destruction of the nearly beaten guards

to their comrades, and having detached themselves from the still fierce struggle, had rushed towards the confectioner's.

The eyes of the workmen were fixed upon the two nobles, and they were shouting:

"Death to Pedro Rias! Death to the false prince!"

The eyes of the galley-slaves were fixed upon Lady Hilda, and their lips shouted nothing, while their gaze took note of the precious gems with which she was adorned.

With her two companions she had that day been at the royal court, and her dress and adornments were such as high-born ladies were wont to wear in the presence of the king.

The thieves and robbers among the liberated galley-slaves had learned this, and they knew that even the necklace of pearls Lady Hilda wore was worth a thousand golden doubloons.

"Fly!" said Lady Hilda to her companions. "The artisans of Lisbon will not harm me, for I have ever been a friend to the poor. Fly, Count Pedro and Prince Enrique, for I could but embarrass your speed!"

"Your enemies are approaching from every direction except the rear," urged Stonio to the count, who seemed paralysed with terror; "and in a few moments your retreat will be completely cut off! Lady Hilda, fly at once!"

"The workmen of Lisbon will not harm me," replied the lady, calmly.

"Very true; but those wretches, the galley-slaves, will. It is your jewels they want. In the name of Heaven, lady, away! The workmen will think only of vengeance upon the count and prince, whose retainers have shed so much blood among them; and when this room and balcony are full of infuriated men, foul hands will be laid upon you, Lady Hilda. Away, all of you, by the rear!"

"And you?" asked Lady Hilda, who had grown ashy pale, for the galley-slaves were now so near that the terrible expression of their savage and swarthy faces could be plainly read.

"I will see you into the yard; after that the prince or the count must guide you to safety, for I am a stranger in Lisbon."

They hurried from the balcony, the nearing mob hailing their disappearance with a storm of yells and hoots, the galley-slaves in front saying nothing, but trying to increase their speed.

Lady Hilda, refusing the arm of the prince, and accompanied by him and the count, descended the stairs which led from the balconied room to the hall below, and then passed out into the yard.

She had scarcely done so when she heard the door shut violently; and turning, saw that Stonio was no longer with them.

"Noble heart!" she thought; "he has remained to face those tigers, and defend our retreat. Ah! prince," she said aloud, "that noble young man will be torn to pieces, if the rioters discover what he has done."

"That does not concern us," replied the noble, shrugging his shoulders. "Such fellows should be happy in perishing, to save people of our rank."

"True, very true! Santa Maria!" gasped the portly count, as he made longer and faster steps than he had made for many a year. "But, saints deliver us! have we to climb that wall? Must a man of my rank be forced to flounder through a confectioner's yard, and climb walls like a thief?"

"Here is a gate," said the prince, "and fortunately it is not locked. It opens into an alley—"

"Push on, push on!" cried the count. "Turn to the right! Santa Cruz! that a man of my rank should be crawling through alleys like a gutter rat! What's that crash?"

"It was in the house of the confectioner," replied the prince, as they hastened on. "Here is another gate—and open."

"It gives entrance to one of my houses," said the count. "Don Alva once occupied it. It was lately leased to a Greek astronomer or astrologist, or some such person, named Dietro Demetris—"

"Dietro the magician?" asked the prince, quickly.

"I believe so. What matters it? Push on. Santa Maria! we may be caught yet," said the terrified count.

"I would it were the house of some other man," muttered Prince Enrique, frowning darkly, but moving on. "I have no love for the man, nor his lofty airs. There is that in his smile which makes me long to put my dagger in his throat."

A few rapid steps carried them to the rear door of the house in question, and as the door was locked, Count Pedro, fired to desperate action by the not very distant cries of the rioters, surged against it with all his great weight, snapping the bolt of the lock, and falling in headlong.

(To be continued.)

CYLINDRICAL IRON RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—A new carriage for passengers has just been patented

by Mr. W. N. Macartney, of Glasgow. It is made of wrought-iron firmly riveted in the form of a cylinder, partaking more or less of a complete circle in its cross section, as the strongest shape into which a given weight of metal can be put. The doors may be made in the side, but they are arranged, as most suitable, in each end, opening out into a platform, which, when the train is in motion, serves as a means of communication through all the carriages. The openings for the windows are in the same position as in ordinary carriages, and the seats can either be made across or along the carriage. In either case, owing to the slightly increased breadth, a passage is left from one end of the carriage to the other. The iron plates of the carriage, owing to the circular shape, require little if any framework, and the few ribs necessary are utilised for ventilation. All the interior is cushioned, excepting the floor, with non-conducting and non-combustible material. Stoves are provided for heating. The platform is utilised as a great collision buffer. The roof is extended over the platform, and while serving as a cover, is also a buffer, on the same principle as the platform underneath. For his invention the patentee claims many advantages.

CHEMISTRY OF SMOKE.—Mr. W. R. Hutton, of Glasgow, proposes that coal, before being consumed in ordinary furnaces, stoves, or fire-places, should be distilled in close vessels. The heat should be continued not long enough to produce the ordinary dense coke—which can only with difficulty be burned—but to form a soft coke, which can be consumed as readily as common coal, but without black smoke. According to Mr. Hutton's calculations, 1,000 tons of coal will yield as much gas and soft coke as would be sufficient to realise a profit of 711, of which a large proportion would be derivable from the sale of the oil and the ammonia as a manure.

STATISTICS.

AMOUNT OF WINE AND BEER, ETC., CONSUMED IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—The average consumption of wine in litres for each person is: France, 130; Italy, 120; Portugal, 80; Switzerland, 59; Austria, 53; Spain, 30; Great Britain, 2. The proportion of beer is very different, as each inhabitant of Great Britain is represented by 139 litres, in Belgium by 138, Bavaria 125, Switzerland 85, France 18, Spain 2, and Italy 1. A still more striking contrast is presented between France and England in the matter of tea and coffee. While each individual in France consumed 1,160 grammes of coffee and 9 of tea, each one in Great Britain consumed 473 grammes of coffee, and 1,679 of tea. One gramme of tea sufficed for each Italian. Belgium consumed the largest proportional quantity of coffee and tobacco. But nothing equals the predominance of Vienna over all other capitals in the matter of veal. In that city 135,000 calves were slaughtered for a population of 578,000, while in Berlin 702,000 people contented themselves with 81,000 calves, 1,800,000 in Paris with 198,000, and 2,810,000 in London with only 40,000.

LICENSED TRADES.—The system of taxation by means of licences to carry on certain trades supplies in effect an annual census of the occupations to which it is applied. The return recently issued of the taxes of the last financial year, 1868-69, shows 85,414 publicans in England and Ireland; three years previously the number was 83,129. Nearly half occupy premises rated under 20l. a-year. The increase of beer-shop-keepers in England and Wales has been more rapid; in the year 1865-66 it was 44,623, and in the year 1868-69, 49,130. So also with the keepers of refreshment-houses; in 1865-66 they were 5,470, and in 1868-69, 6,407. The spirit retailers in Scotland are returned at 11,704 in 1865-66, 12,022 in 1868-69. The number of persons licensed as dealers in tobacco was 269,819 in 1865-66, and 284,124 in 1868-69. The dealers in tea and coffee increase year by year; in 1865-66 they were 170,294, in 1868-69, 184,237, of whom 74,194 paid only the 2s. 6d. duty, their premises being rated under 8l. a-year, and the other 110,043 paid the 11s. 6d. duty. The (patent, &c.) medicine vendors of Great Britain are a growing number; in 1865-66 they were 11,520, and in 1868-69, 12,271; and the number of stamps required for packets, boxes, &c., of medicine selling for 1s. or more was 7,669,039 in the years 1865-66, and had grown to 8,663,685 in 1868-69. Game certificates were taken by 55,465 persons in the former year, and by 57,124 in the latter year; licences to deal in game by 2,112 and 2,287 respectively. In the same period auctioneers increased from 4,908 to 5,276; appraisers and house agents from 3,751 to 3,922. Pawnbrokers were 3,724 in 1865-66, and 3,918 in 1868-69; their licence duty is 15l. in London, and half that sum elsewhere. Papermakers do not greatly multiply; they were 892 in the former year and 498 in the latter year. Horsedealers (not

taxed in Ireland) increased from 1,088 to 1,256. Dealers in plate from 8,529 to 9,521. Bankers have decreased in number since the last commercial crisis; they were 1,213 in 1865-66, only 1,167 in the next year, only 1,141 in 1867-68, but in 1868-69 the number recovered to 1,172. Attorneys and writers to the signet were 13,475 in 1865-66, and exactly the same number in 1868-69; the number was larger in one and smaller in the other of the two intervening years. In some of these occupations, as in that of maltsters and brewers, the amount of duty varies with the quantity manufactured; in some, as with the publicans, the duty varies with the rateable value of the premises; in some, as with the medicine vendors, the duty is smallest in the country, larger in borough, largest in London and Edinburgh. Some licence duties are commutations of an older tax; for instance, the auctioneers' 10l. licence is substituted for the duty on every sale by auction. Some licence duties produce a very small sum to the public revenue, the licences of makers of playing-cards being only 14l. last year; others produce a very large sum, that on brewers above 350,000l., and that on spirit dealers and retailers double that amount.

It is found by experiments recently made by military authorities, that a sheet of ice three inches thick affords a perfectly safe passage for infantry or horses marching in single file, and for light carriages; with a thickness of six inches it will bear all sorts of wagons and cannon.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A process has been discovered for the prevention of the decay of wood. As the result of a five years' experience, a paint is recommended, which at the same time possesses the advantages of being impervious to water. It is composed of 50 parts of tar, 500 parts of fine white sand, 4 parts of linseed oil, 1 part of the red oxide of copper in its native state, and finally, 1 part of sulphuric acid. In order to manufacture the paint from this multiplicity of materials, the tar, chalk, sand, and oil, are first heated in an iron kettle; the oxide and acid are then added with a great deal of caution. The mass is very carefully mixed, and applied while hot. When thoroughly dry, this paint is hard as a stone.

ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER.—A Roman sarcophagus was lately found on the north side of Westminster Abbey, in digging out the earth for the purpose of building a store-room. The workmen digging first came to some walls, of the same date with the earlier parts of the abbey, probably the remains of the old chapel of St. Edmund. They found, soon afterwards, this Roman sarcophagus, which is of the third century of the Christian era. It bears an inscription on the lid, where also has been sculptured, in the twelfth-century style of art, a cross. The coffin contained the skeleton of a young man. Dean Stanley has exhibited a photograph of this subject to the Society of Antiquaries, and Dr. Black has read a paper upon it before the Middlesex Archaeological Society. The coffin is now in the cloisters, where it can be seen.

THE HONESTY OF DUBLIN CARMEN.—Eight hundred and forty-five articles of property (many very valuable, such as jewellery, opera glasses, &c.), were found in hackney vehicles and surrendered by the drivers to the police during the year, out of which 416 were claimed, and given up to the owners before being sent into the police store. There were eight sovereigns and eleven half-sovereigns given up to the police by car-drivers, who got them in mistake for coins of smaller value, from fares at night time, during the year, out of which three half-sovereigns were claimed. In twenty-six cases car-drivers gave up to the police during the year bank-notes and purses, containing different sums, amounting to 96l. 1s. 0d., which they had found in their vehicles, out of which 89l. 13s. 1d. was claimed before being sent into store. The recipients of property left rewards in half-crowns, shillings, &c., to the amount of 16l. 10s. 6d., for drivers during the year.

SUNKEN TREASURE.—A French company was formed some time back for the recovery of the cargoes of the Spanish galleons sunk in Vigo Bay in the year 1700. The works commenced a few days ago, and already three of the vessels have been buoyed and partially examined. They are found to be in a perfect state of preservation, but bearing a thick coating of shell-fish. Two of them show traces of having been burned. The engineer who is directing the works is making use of the submersible lamp, and is confident that the smallest object of value contained in the 14 submerged vessels will be brought to light. The treasure they are known to have carried amounted, in ingots of gold and coined silver money, to the enormous sum of 375 millions of francs. Of that amount 43 per cent., or 162 millions, go to the Government of Spain, and 213 to the shareholders.



[THE GREAT WAVE.]

ROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE rain was still driving fast and furious, coming down in steady, gray sheets, when Roland, accompanied by the chief and the two or three other natives, set out for the site of his recent home. The path was strewn with fallen trees, branches, and leaves, interspersed with dead birds, fish, game, and domestic animals. In some places immense pools were forming, in others brooks and rivulets were working their way to the lagoon.

Making his way over or around all these obstacles, Roland hastened onward, barely able to discern his course through the heavy storm, and almost deafened by the roar of the surf, which became louder as he advanced.

He expected to find not a trace of his vine-wreathed cabin, and approached the spot with a sinking at his heart.

To his astonishment the dwelling was still standing, protected from the seas that had swept over the island by an immense tree that had fallen to the windward of it, forming a barrier to wind and water. A giant limb of the great oak had fallen upon the opposite side, and between the two, almost hidden from view by the tall branches and thick leaves, the cabin was tightly wedged.

Roland's joy at beholding his house intact may be imagined.

As he drew nearer he perceived that the chimney-stack on the roof had been carried away, that the pretty arched porch with its encircling vines was gone, and that the thatched roof of his shed had suffered considerable damage from the pressure of a heavy limb.

His companions shared his joyful excitement. "We must go to work immediately," exclaimed Roland, addressing the chief. "Let us clear away the trees, and you shall share my provisions!"

The offer was accepted at once, and the work began. The islanders, in their primitive suits, paid no heed to the rain, and Roland was wet to the skin, so that every movement sent little rills of water dripping from his garments. His first act was to pull off his coat and waistcoat, roll up his shirt-sleeves, and proceed to direct the proposed task.

Under his intelligent supervision, and with the aid of the tools he managed to procure from the shed, the branches were lopped off and the prostrate tree dragged away.

After two or three hours of severe labour, the cabin stood clear of all encumbrance, a battered object, with its vines torn away and its picturesqueness all gone, but it was a dwelling still.

Roland opened the door, which creaked dismally on its swollen leather hinges, and crossed his threshold.

The room presented a disheartening appearance. The smooth, planed floor was covered with a pool of water, about which the tables, stools, and several other articles floated. The pretty lawn curtains were limp rags. Roland's mattress was a sodden mass.

Lily's room was in a similar predicament, her bed, however, being dry, owing to the fact that it rested upon a bedstead of strong though rude construction. No clothing nor books had received injury, the shelves being high above the water.

The articles in the cellar were all in excellent preservation, not a thing being injured. The contents of the shed were dry.

Roland filled baskets with biscuits. Two of the men loaded themselves with dry firewood, and thus equipped, and leaving the cabin doors open to permit the water to escape, the little party slowly returned to the cavern.

They were welcomed with shouts of delight.

Roland distributed his stores. A fire was kindled in the rear of the cave, and, notwithstanding the smoke, the warmth was hailed with delight; the islanders clustering around it, their damp garments exhaling clouds of steam.

Procuring Lily a warm corner, and providing her with a biscuit, Roland left her again, returning alone to his cabin.

He found that the water had run out as he expected, and he set to work to restore order and comfort.

In the first place, he drew the wet curtains tightly across the windows, like netting. He then scrubbed his floor with rushes until it was quite clean, brought wood from the shed, and kindled an immense fire in his fire-place. His mattress he set on end in a corner to dry. He hung the tea-kettle over the fire, put coffee in the coffee-pot, placed potatoes to roast, brought out some of Lily's preserved wild plums, and arranged a tempting repast.

"The rooms will be dry, and the dinner will be done, by the time Lily gets here," he said to himself, going into the clean inner room, and noting that Lily's garments had all hung on their nails above the reach of the water, "I'll be off at once."

He went out, closing the door behind him, and set out at as rapid a pace as possible for the cave. He reached it in due time, finding many of the islanders dozing, and steaming before the fire, and Lily looking pale, weary, and dispirited. She brightened up at his approach, and made room for him beside her, but he shook his head smilingly, and whispered:

"Come. We will go home. Can you brave the storm?"

"Is our cabin still standing?" cried Lily, in joyful amazement. "I thought it had been swept away, or so injured that we could not occupy it. I asked the chief about it after you left in such haste, and he said it was full of water."

"It is all right now" returned Roland. "We shall be happier by ourselves. Shall we go now?"

Lily assented eagerly, and arose, tying on her poor battered little hat. Her limbs were cramped, her dress still damp and a mass of wrinkles, and her shoes were stretched out of shape. She looked a very forlorn little maiden, but her sweet face was bright and cheerful, and she had quite lost her dispirited air.

She bade her friends good-bye, while Roland enjoined them to send for more stores before night, and the two then quitted the cavern, setting out on their homeward way.

It was slow work for tired Lily—the hard climbing, the crossing of pools and brooks, the travelling round obstacles.

She was a light burden, and Roland lifted her up tenderly and protectingly, pillowing her head on his breast, and looking down now and then into her blushing face with an expression of passionate devotion.

In this way they reached the cabin. Roland set Lily on the door-step, and ushered her into the main room, enjoying her surprise and delight.

The floor was dry, the fire blazing brightly, the tea-kettle singing merrily, a glow of warmth was spread through the room, and the table presented a most inviting aspect.

"Oh, Roland, how pleasant this is!" cried Lily, joyfully, rushing to the fire and holding her hands over the blaze. "How good you are! You are always thinking of my comfort!"

A week before she would have flown to him, showering caresses upon him. Now, while she yielded her kisses no less readily, she was more chary about offering them—a fact which Roland noticed and wondered at, not yet discerning in it the proof of a growing love that was not sisterly.

"We will have dinner first," he said, "and then you shall dress. You will find your clothes all dry. Warm food, I think, is of the first importance to us."

He seated her on the stool at the head of the table, near the fire, removed her hat, and then busied himself in taking up the dinner. The coffee was rich and fragrant, and the potatoes roasted to a turn, and the remaining articles of food were in fine condition.

The dinner was eaten with an enjoyment beyond

description, the glow of the warm fire and the sense of difficulties conquered contributing greatly to the comfort of the young people.

The dinner over, Lily retired to her room and changed her garments for dry ones, emerging in due time in fresh and pretty attire.

She found Roland dressed in warm, dry garments, busily engaged at the "house-work."

"What are all those poor people at the cave going to do for food, Roland?" she asked, as she began to assist him. "We can't support them all throughout the rainy season, and they have lost everything. There are nearly a hundred in all, and our stores, that looked so plentiful, would not last them a week."

"True, Lily," was the reply, "but they need only a little present help, which we can give without injuring ourselves. There are forty or more stout men, and they will set to work at building huts as soon as the weather will permit. If the rain holds up a little they will go to work to-morrow. They will gather food, too, in plenty. There are green things enough left to cook, if there are no fruits, and there are multitudes of fish of every sort at their very doors."

When the dishes and remnants of food had been put out of the way, Roland rolled from the cellar a cask of salted fish which he had called herrings, and which might as well have been called sardines, and a cask of oysters, and brought out vegetables, the remainder of the salt-junk and of the ship's biscuits.

These he placed near the door in readiness for the chief's messengers, and the young couple then sat down, Roland applying himself to the task of plaiting rushes.

"I may as well be doing something, Lily," he said, "and baskets will be needed for various purposes. I don't feel disposed for reading to-day."

"Nor do I," said Lily, half-reclining before the fire. "I don't feel industrious, either. I am tired, and all I want is to enjoy the warmth of the fire and the feeling of doing nothing."

"You can have plenty of that enjoyment," returned Roland, smiling. "It is fortunate for us that we can take comfort, Lily, here by ourselves, reading our books, and planning our escape."

Lily repeated the last words wonderingly. "Yes, darling, I am thinking of escape," replied Roland, his bronzed face lighting up as he glanced at her momentarily. "The truth is, this sort of existence grows tiresome. One needs something else in life besides shelter, food, and clothing. I could live here with you for ever, Lily, and be happy, but such an existence would not do for either of us. We have dear friends who grieve for us, and who will be made happy by our return. I long, as you do, to see our dear parents again, and Lily, sometimes I long with feverish impatience to see General and Mrs. Beverley again. I thrill at the remembrance of their faces and their voices. I must see them again!"

"But, Roland, I supposed we were going to stay here till papa comes for us."

"He may never come, Lily. Some accident may happen to the Dolphin, and the story of our whereabouts may never reach our loved ones."

"I have thought of that," said Lily. "But suppose we succeeded in making our escape, Roland, and papa should come to find us gone?"

"Father will never pay a ransom to Captain Stocks until he has recovered us," replied Roland, shrewdly. "If he comes here to find us gone, he will hear the story of our escape, and follow us home again. By escaping, we shall save the payment of the ransom."

This reasoning was sound, and convinced Lily of Roland's wisdom.

"But how can we escape?" she asked, in a half whisper. "Will the chief let us go?"

"Not willingly. He has his own ideas of honour, and he will adhere to them. Captain Stocks did him a service once, which he has not forgotten. In addition to this, he has taken a violent liking to us, and desires to keep us here for ever. No, he will not consent to our going."

"How, then, can we go?"

"Secretly; that is our only course. The chief's new boat, finished the other day, is rigged with sails made from the productions of the cocoa-tree. She is stanch, well-built, and capable of carrying us to the Sandwich Islands. One person can sail her. I have thought of escape in her, but deemed it best to wait till after the rainy season. The truth is, Lily," he added, pausing in his work, and looking at her with an earnest thoughtfulness in his brown eyes, "I don't know our latitude or longitude. I can't tell which way to steer when we leave this place."

Lily uttered an ejaculation of regret.

"I have questioned the chief," continued the youth, "but learned only that there is an island at no great distance from this, and that its natives are a warlike race, though few in number. Every now and then they come to Harbour Island for pur-

poses of robbery, or conquest, and these hostile visits are as regularly returned. From the description of those islanders, I should wish to avoid them. My plans, you see, dear Lily, are not half formed. We must talk the subject over. Perhaps we shall decide to fix a signal for some passing vessel."

"But we have seen no vessel since we came here, and we have been here several months," replied Lily. "Besides, the islanders would take down your signals. Just think, Roland, how long it is since we left home! You are grown to be a young man. You need not smile, Roland, for I am sure you are as tall as papa."

"I ought to be tall," declared Roland, "since I am nearly nineteen years old."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Lily, with a start of surprise. "Yes, it is a year and a half since we left home—a little more than that. I was a little over fourteen then. Now I am—yes, I am almost sixteen."

She expected Roland to betray astonishment. Instead, he smiled quietly, and looked lovingly upon her.

"I realised the fact better than you have done, Lily," he said. "I have watched your growth from your delicate childhood into your pure and lovely girlhood, while you never dreamed you were growing older. I have had rare pleasure, darling, in watching the bud unfolding. There never was a sweeter, daintier, purer little creature than you, my innocent Lily."

The little maiden flushed rosily, and her blue eyes drooped till their lids swept her cheek.

"People must grow older," she said, after a pause, venturing to look up at Roland's grave and earnest face again. "And I suppose they grow wiser with their years. At least, they ought to. But I feel as childish as ever. I run, and skip, and dance, as I used to, and somehow, prudence doesn't come natural to me. Almost sixteen! It's time I pinned up my hair, Roland, and let down my dresses, and behaved gravely. Do I look grown up?"

She sprang up lightly on the tip of one tiny foot, her graceful little figure swaying with every movement, her hair flying, her eyes dancing with merriment, her cheeks flushed with health, her countenance full of archness, piquancy, and spirit.

Roland's face expressed his admiration, as he answered:

"No, Lily; you don't look grown up. I would not have you grave and prim for all the world can give. You are a merry sprite, a bright sunbeam, the incarnation of love, and hope, and beauty."

Lily blushed again, wondering in her heart where Roland had learned to speak after such a manly fashion, and thinking how well it became him.

She pirouetted lightly over the floor by way of concealing her confusion, her every motion full of a rare, wild grace, as refined as charming, and then dropped, like a thistle-down, upon her former seat, and into her former attitude.

"I do believe, Roland," she said, "that you are growing a monstache like General Beverley's. I have been wondering for days what made your upper lip so black—but I do believe it's a monstache."

"Of course it is," said Roland, laughing.

"It makes you look wonderfully like General Beverley," said Lily, musingly. "Roland, do you know that you resemble the general strangely? You do, indeed; and you have eyes exactly like Mrs. Beverley's. Isn't it singular?"

"Brown eyes and black hair are common enough in this world."

"I know it; but expressions are not often similar, except in cases of relationship, and the expression of your face is very like that of the general. He's a grand-looking man, with his eagle-eyes and his heavy monstache—isn't he, Roland? And Mrs. Beverley is a magnificent-looking woman. I long to see them both again."

Lily sighed, and Roland echoed the sigh:

In pleasant conversation, reviews of the past, and surmises of the future, the time passed until the arrival of the chief's messengers.

They reported that all was well at the coral cave, and were delighted with the generous gifts of the young foreigners.

They informed them that some water-soaked provisions had been discovered at the site of the village, lodged among the trees, and that the islanders were all recovering from their extreme depression of spirits. Many of them intended to go to work on the morrow.

With this imparted information, and many kindly messages from both Lily and Roland to the chief, the messengers departed with their acquisitions; and the young couple barred their door, blanketed the windows, and lighted their lamp.

Their fireside, humble and rude as it was, was a pleasant one, with its firelight and the cheerful spirit of the young housekeepers.

They set out the evening meal, cooking their oysters as they had eaten them at home; and laughed

and jested, or talked gravely, while the hours happily away.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The days and weeks of the rainy season were on. The village was rebuilt after a fashion, and the islanders emerged from the coral cave and took possession of their huts. A limited supply of food was obtainable, and they made no farther demands upon Roland's stores.

The arts of canoe-making and net-weaving were cultivated within doors, and by the time the weather should be clear once more, the chief expected to possess quite a little fleet of canoes, and most of the primitive requirements for fishing.

Meanwhile, life at the cabin was very pleasant. The fire on the hearth was kept burning brightly day and night. The windows were curtained by day, and blanketed by night. The evenings were especially delightful, the wind and rain being shut out, the kettle singing over the fire, the lamp lighted, the books strewn over the table, and the room made to assume its pleasantest aspect. The floor generally exhibited a pile of rushes, which Roland plaited into baskets while Lily read aloud or sewed.

The islanders made occasional visits to the cabin, and Roland now and then went over to the village with some trifling gift for the chief—generally a pot of coffee or a plate of bread of Lily's own manufacture.

The chief sometimes sent over a fresh fish or basket of shell-fish in return, and a most amicable feeling was kept up. Lily remained indoors, rarely quitting the cabin, save for an early bath in the foaming surf, for even now she could not relinquish her favourite sea-baths.

This life could never grow monotonous, and Roland sometimes caught himself wishing it might last for ever. Lily was so ardent, so merry, so frolicsome, full of gay speeches, and pretty, enchanting ways, that one could not be dull in her society. They studied and read together all the school-books at their command, and both ripened in knowledge as in all noble qualities every day and hour.

A change, however, came at last. The frowning heavens lightened, the black clouds parted, the heavy rains lessened, and gleams of sunshine were visible, and now and then promising pleasant weather. And one morning, after a hard and driving shower, of many hours' duration, the sun arose as serenely as though it had never been clouded, and all was brightness and warmth again.

The rainy season was past. Vegetation, wild and wanton in its luxuriance and rapidity of growth, sprang up from the wet soil. New leaves came on the trees, flowers blossomed on parasitic vines, or amid the upspringing grass, and the birds returned to their old haunts, with sweeter songs than ever. Again the sea-birds sailed by on low-sweeping wings, or skimmed the waves. Again the game in the woods and groves came from their coverts and frolicked in the recesses and shadows of the trees. The lagoon no longer fretted and chafed at its bounds, but lay smiling like a jewel in the sunshine, in its setting of tree-covered banks.

The island was a paradise again.

All was life and bustle at the village. More commodious dwellings were erected, many of them after the pattern of Roland's cabin. Canoes were launched. Dusky maidens once more sported like mermaids in the waves, and children half-buried themselves in the sands, basking joyously in the sun. Succulent plants were obtained in the woods for food, and the sea yielded bountifully of its finny or shell-cased inhabitants.

Roland planted no more roses about his dwelling, and did not even repair his ruined porch. The hope of escape was strong within his breast, and he had no longer time for beautifying his temporary dwelling. The sail-boat, in which he had hoped to escape, proved to be lost, but another equally good had been built, and could he have ascertained the course to steer, the island would not have held him and Lily another day. But to start without knowing his course would have been madness. Still, he did not relinquish the idea of escape.

Soon after the weather had cleared, he climbed by night to the top of a cocoa tree, and fired a signal which he hoped might attract the attention of some passing vessel. The next day the signal was taken down by the islanders, and the chief warned Roland that he was under surveillance, and that it would be best for him to remain contented until the return of Captain Stocks.

This was the first time that the young couple had felt the fetters of their captivity, and from that moment the idea of escape became with them a passion. Roland spent hours in studying the latitude and longitude of Harbour Island, but they were hours uselessly spent. Captain Stocks by his varying course after leaving Honolulu had completely befogged Roland, as well as the seamen of the Dolphin. The youth, having no data to go upon, could, of course, determine nothing.

Signals from the island being impossible, Roland conceived another manoeuvre. He took the empty bottles at his command, wrote statements of his captivity and that of Lily at Harbour Island, rolled these up and put them in bottles, corking the latter and committing them at times to the sea. Of seven stout junk bottles, tightly corked, and treated in this manner, three were dashed again upon the beach with such force as to be broken, one came floating into the lagoon, to the astonishment and anger of the natives, when they comprehended its meaning, and three were carried away over the waters by friendly winds and favouring seas.

"I believe," said Roland, one day, as the young pair strayed down by the beach, "that the chief knows in which direction the Hawaiian Islands are. He certainly cannot be ignorant in what quarter these islands lie, for ships have stopped here frequently coming from or bound to Honolulu. His curiosity must have tempted him to inquire—"

"You forget, Roland, he knew little or no English until we taught him. But, whether he knows or not, he will not assist us by his knowledge."

"I have made a discovery, however, that is likely to prove useful to us, Lily," declared Roland. "The chief was more confidential than usual yesterday, and informed me that his enemies, the Sand Islanders, some leagues to the south of us, have an island as large as this, but not nearly so fertile. It is a resort for turtles and sea-birds, and the Sand Islanders live principally on animal food. They are scarcely to be called savages, for, I should judge, they are much higher in the scale of being than the Harbour Islanders. They have a longing to possess this island, and every year make an attack upon it, these people returning the visit later in the season."

"But how can all this help us, Roland?"

"I have not told all my story," said Roland, good-naturedly. "The best is to come. I believe these Sand Islanders to be intelligent, kind-hearted, and gentle. If we were to fall among them they would treat us kindly. The chief here says that the Sand Islanders have some great men. He knows of one who has sailed twice in his own boat to Oahu, and of others who have shipped as whalers on vessels stopping at Sand Island. These three men, at least, speak English."

"I begin to comprehend!" cried Lily, her eyes sparkling, her face actually radiant with hope. "We are to escape to Sand Island, and hire one of the natives to take us to Honolulu?"

"Yes—that is my plan. It has its dangers and contingencies, but, if you are willing, we will try it."

"I am willing," said Lily, very decidedly. "Let us go to-night. We will risk the dangers, dear Roland. Do you know in which direction Sand Island lies?"

"To the southward, a straight course; the stars will guide us. The nights are pleasant, and the journey will be accomplished by morning. Since you are willing, we will go."

The remainder of the day was full of subdued excitement and activity. Lily packed up in her trunk her most cherished possessions, but finally reduced her requirements to a couple of bundles to be carried in the hand.

As it was quite possible that the voyage might be longer than was anticipated, Roland put up a store of provisions in baskets, and the young adventurers waited for evening to come.

During the day they visited the spots that had grown dearest to them—the oak grove, the coral-bottomed lagoon, from whose shores they had beheld the approach of the engulfing sea, the coral cave, and other places of interest. Yet the hours passed more slowly than was their wont.

The evening came on bright and glorious, the moon beaming with full-faced radiance upon island and sea, bathing both in a flood of pale light. The breeze rustled amid the trees. The sea sighed softly on the shores. A trill of music, the call of a night-bird, or the rustling of some tiny animal in the thickets, were the only other sounds to be heard.

The islanders retired early to their huts, as was their habit, and before ten o'clock the village was wrapped in silence.

About midnight Lily and Roland, encumbered with their bundles and baskets, approached the lagoon, upon whose shore the village nestled. Skirting the houses, they came out nearer the mouth of the lagoon, from which point they could look out over the blue sea, with its restless, heaving bosom and white-crested waves.

"Sit down on this log, Lily," whispered Roland, setting down his baskets. "You will be in the shadow here. I will creep up to the village for the boat."

Lily obeyed, seating herself, while Roland glided away in the moonlight. He gained the boat, which was half-drawn up on the beach near the dwelling of the chief, pushed it off gently, sprang into it, and, half-crouching, began to sail the little craft towards the mouth of the lagoon.

No outcry came from the village. Evidently, the islanders were all asleep.

Careful not to make any unnecessary noise, gliding slowly through the tranquil waters, Roland approached Lily at last, grounded his boat on a reef, and sprang out to assist his companions.

"Come, darling," he said, giving her his hand. "No one is awake on the island but ourselves. Our way is clear."

Lily took her place in the boat, the bundles and baskets were put in, Roland pushed off the craft, leaped in, and they went sailing down the mouth of the lagoon on their way to the wide, wild sea.

It was a perilous venture, and both realised it. Roland turned his brown, handsome face upon Lily to mark her emotions, and met a look so brave, so courageous, so spirited, that his heart leaped up within him in love and admiration.

"Here we go," said Lily, as the shadows of the trees above fell upon them. "In a few minutes we shall be free!"

The wind filled the sail, and they flew onward to meet the sea.

"I hear no sign from the village yet," said Roland. "They will not miss us till morning, and then, even if they knew our course, pursuit would be useless. Ah! what is that?"

He spoke loudly and incautiously, as a black object appeared against the mouth of the inlet. It was succeeded by another and another, until five similar objects had been counted.

"They are canoes!" cried Roland, letting go his sail in his amazement. "They are filled with armed men who are rowing noiselessly. It is a surprise—an attack!"

"They are, without doubt, our 'gentle' Sand Islanders!" observed Lily. "Thank Heaven! We have been preserved from any experience of their 'gentleness'! They are fierce-looking creatures, Roland!"

This opinion was verified an instant later, when, the in-coming savages having beheld the sail-boat, a wild, fierce shout rang out on the air, bright weapons glistened in the moonlight, and scores of dusky heads were shaken menacingly at the adventurers.

Roland precipitately put the boat about for the nearest shore.

It was useless to attempt a return to the village or cabin, for these strong-armed rowers would inevitably overtake him.

He gained the beach, grounded his boat, sprang out with Lily, seized their possessions, which they did not care even then to relinquish, and plunged into the depths of the vegetation covering the reef.

(To be continued.)

EVELYN'S PLOT.

CHAPTER LIV.

"WERE you in any way cognisant of the transfer of the packet spoken of by the last witness, Mr. Rivers?"

"I was, though at the time not aware of its contents, nor its nature. I was witness to its endorsement by Mr. Danvers, at his request and that of Mr. Rivers."

"How do you know it to have been identical with the bank-notes in question?"

"Simply because I know it to have been a packet given by Mr. Rivers to Mr. Danvers, and also given on express terms—that it was not to be used for some years, except under extreme necessity."

"Are you at all aware of the circumstances connected with the packet, and from whom it came?"

"I am," she said.

And the low, hoarse tones sounded thrillingly among the assembly.

"Will you relate them?"

"I will," she said. "I will. They are briefly told, though pregnant with the fate and the occurrences of many a year, and many a pang of agony to the living and the dead! That packet came from the hands of a deadly foe, and for the express purpose of accomplishing an infamous and shameful revenge. It is a dark and disgraceful tale; but in justice to the innocent it must be told."

"Long years back—at least, three or four before the occurrences of which I have spoken—a man called Basil Maynard became the evil genius of the Danvers' family. He was the suitor of the only sister of Mr. Danvers, favoured by her, but too justly estimated by her brother to win his consent to his proposal. She married a nobler and worthier man. From that instant Basil Maynard became the deadly foe of the husband and the brother. It was from his hands that the packet in question came, accepted in good faith by one too good and noble to suspect the terrible evil and crime that had been done, and only too ready to render good for evil."

"You are on your oath, Mrs. Holland," said Frank,

gravely. "I would beg you to inform the court whether you have any actual proof and certainty of the belief you are stating, or whether it was and is merely an impression."

"It is a certainty," she said, calmly. "And to prove the facts, I must—I will confess my own shame! Basil Maynard had wooed Miss Danvers, but he loved, or professed that he loved, myself. And I was idiot enough to believe him, and wicked enough to become his slave. He won me by earnest professions and prayers to be his agent in what he termed a just and merited revenge on his enemies. It was through my agency and by my assistance that Mrs. Rivers left her home, and by my agency that the infant daughter of Mr. Danvers was abducted from her home and parent, and reported to be dead."

Oliver had listened with eagerly changing features and strained eyes to the witness. He seemed to hear with all his senses, not only one. But now his emotion became ungovernable, and he bent forward in the dock and eagerly exclaimed:

"Does she live? In mercy, tell me, does she live?"

The woman gazed at him with a half-pitying, half-satisfied glance.

"Be content," she said. "In due time you shall know all. Till then rest assured that the wrong I have related is no more irreparable than the crime of which you are accused. It is thanks to God's providence that the crime and the atonement should be identical."

"Have you done with the witness, Mr. Temple?" asked the judge.

"I have, my lord."

Gertrude Holland stepped back from the box, and was succeeded by another female.

It was the beautiful, sharply cut, but bloodless features of the nurse of Oliver Danvers, and the attendant of his father, on which the general gaze was now turned.

Oliver stood as if in a spell-bound dream when the name of the witness was pronounced.

"Helen Rivers."

Yes, it was patent to all then. The accusing wife, the misguided sister, the treacherous mother of loving children, stood there to atone for her crimes.

"Mrs. Rivers, may I ask whether you have any knowledge of this paper?" said Frank, displaying a crumpled sheet of foolscap, on which some lines were traced in a strong, bold hand.

"I have."

"In what manner, and on what occasion?"

"I saw it while residing in Mr. Danvers' house as a nurse, under a feigned name, and it had been in the possession of Mr. Oliver Danvers, and evidently dropped by him, as I thought, knowingly."

"Did you recognise the writing?"

"I did. It was that of my late brother, Mr. Danvers. The signatures were those of my own attendant and the governess to my children, Gertrude Holland."

"And the date?"

A faint tinge came on the pale face, and then she replied, in a low tone:

"The date is that of the last year when I was in my husband's house."

There was a murmur of sympathy.

And then Frank said, gently, and with more respect than he would have shown to a princess:

"Thank you, Mrs. Rivers. You may retire."

She paused a moment, as if fully prepared to go through the ordeal—to drain the cup to the dregs.

But there was no movement on the part of the counsel for the prosecution. He evidently felt that there could be little advantage to his own cause in attempting to elicit more from such a witness.

Then again Frank rose.

"My lord, the next witness I shall call will appear under the sanction and the offer of the Crown to grant a free pardon to anyone who may turn Queen's evidence. He has what I may at once term a guilty and yet a satisfactory knowledge of the origin of these notes, that will, I believe, at once decide the opinion of the court as to the guilt of my client, Richard Copland."

The name was repeated by the crier.

An eager buzz of inquisitive curiosity and interest was heard.

Then a man stepped into the witness-box—the male occupant of Gertrude Holland's house—the man who had been at once the cause of Hugh Rivers' accident and his rescuer from its consequences.

"What do you know of the forgery of these bank-notes?" Frank asked.

"Everything," was the calm reply. "They were my own handiwork, in conjunction with and at the bidding of another."

"And the name of that other?"

"Basil Maynard."

"And you were actually and absolutely concerned in the manufacture of the notes? Describe the cir-

circumstances to the court, if you please, Richard Copland."

The man paused for a moment or two. There was a curious mingling of conflicting feelings in his hard features as he looked round on the crowd of eager faces.

After a little pause, he straightened his figure with a kind of defiant air, and began:

"It is some eighteen years ago that I first knew Basil Maynard; and for sixteen long years I have cursed the knowledge that has been the misery of my whole life, and will be to its end. He came between me and the woman who had promised to be my wife till his wiles divided us.

"I had been brought up at a school where calligraphy had been an especial study, and could imitate almost any kind of handwriting, and in every possible style.

"Basil Maynard knew this. He played first on my vanity, then on my credulity, and lastly on my love for Gertrude Holland.

"He by degrees unfolded to me his plans. He offered to me all that I most coveted—money, ease, and the hand of the woman I loved—if I would aid him in carrying out his plans.

"He told me that there was no possible danger; that all he wanted was a present assistance in an important plan that needed the manufacture of a number of bank-notes that would not be used, but only stand as a species of security and an adjunct to plans that he could not for the present explain to me.

"And for this service he offered me the strong temptation of 250*l.* per annum for life, and the prospect of marrying Gertrude Holland, the woman I loved.

"I yielded at last. When I had executed all the notes which he had assigned to me as my task, I did take one precaution. I took a list of the numbers and amounts of the notes which I had forged in a book, which I then carefully sealed up, and locked it up in a box, which I buried in a wood. I believe—I know it is still there."

The man stopped.

Frank went on.

"Then you absolutely swear that you had no connection with Mr. Danvers in the matter?"

"I never exchanged a word with either the prisoner, or the prisoner's father on the affair, so help me Heaven; and I believe them to be as unconscious and innocent of the crime as any of the gentlemen I am now addressing."

Then the judge turned to the jury, and briefly, but clearly, summed up the fresh evidence brought before them.

And then, without leaving their box, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

In a few, but strong and well-chosen words, the judge congratulated Oliver Danvers on his vindication.

Oliver could only bow mechanically. He was in a bewildered dream.

CHAPTER LV.

IT was the evening of the trial which had brought such strange revelations to light. Edith had been oppressed all day by a vague, yet heavy sense of approaching evil that she could not shake off.

Suddenly her attention was aroused by a slight, a transient and somewhat confused noise in the house, which, in her present nervous state, was sufficient to bring a passing flush to her cheek, and quicken the beating of her overburdened heart. Then she heard a light female step, a rustling of a woman's dress, which she supposed to be her maid's. And another and heavier step was also visible, that was certainly not Fantin's.

Her heart sickened. It must be either her guardian, or her detested, yet affianced suitor, who was thus intruding on her privacy. The steps approached. The door was gently opened.

Edith did not at once look up; but the next moment a soft voice sounded in her ears, loving arms were around her, and warm kisses pressed on her cheek.

"Edith, my dear, dear cousin!—will you not look at me? Will you not speak to Evelyn?"

She looked up, her blue eyes opening wide in half-bewildered surprise. Evelyn Rivers was there! But not as she had last seen her, pale, subdued, sad.

Edith gazed at her with a mixture of admiring pleasure and half-envying sadness.

"I need scarcely ask—Oliver is saved?" she said, clasping her hands. "I am so thankful."

"You have indeed a good right to rejoice, dearest," said the girl, her eyes brimming with joyousness. "My darling Edith, my cousin; my Oliver's sister has indeed reason to be proud of the complete vindication of her noble brother."

The girl sat as if petrified.

"Cousin!—brother! Are you sporting with my credulity, Evelyn?" she said, reproachfully.

"No, Edith, no," said another and more manly

voice, "she speaks happy truth. Thank God, dear girl, your trials are ended." The mystery that has hitherto shrouded your birth has now at last been explained. And Edith Danvers—my long lost, my injured sister—at last restored to her home and her loving brother's care."

Edith gazed for a moment or two mystified, unable to comprehend her own happiness. Then her lips parted.

"Tell me," she said, with the pleading, helpless air of a child. "Tell me?"

"It is soon told, as to the bare facts," said the brother, smiling tenderly on his new-found little sister.

"But do not let us speak on this wretched story now, dear girl. It is enough that it is past. Your true birth is discovered, and from this time you are the tenderly loved darling of an honourable and happy home. Is it not so, Evelyn?"

"My sister, doubly my sister," whispered the blushing, happy betrothed of Oliver.

The words seemed to recall the half-scattered senses of the bewildered girl.

"I am very thankful, so thankful," murmured the poor girl. "Only—only, it is too late—too late!"

"Too late for what, my fair betrothed?" exclaimed a strange voice from a distant part of the room, and the eyes of all were turned on the saturnine features and awkward frame of Ralph Osborne.

"And so you are trying to seduce my loving bride from her allegiance?" he said, sardonically, as he advanced into the room. "Do you want two strings to your bow, Mr. Oliver Danvers? Methinks either of these pretty young ladies should be enough for any man."

Oliver was about to answer with a brief expression of disgust, when Edith interposed. She seemed to recover self-possession with the first consciousness of Oliver's presence. She rose with an assumption of more dignity than could have been looked for in so slight and youthful a creature.

"Mr. Osborne, if your own sense of what is due to a woman and a lady does not restrain such ill-timed jests, at least suspend them till you know the truth. Mr. Danvers is—is my brother."

For once Ralph Osborne started in genuine surprise. His whole mind seemed stunned by the strange tidings. He gazed from one to the other in genuine and bewildered astonishment. Then he turned to Oliver.

"Danvers, you are your father's son, and with all his faults, he was an honest and honourable man. Is this true?"

"True as the most undeniable evidence can make it," was the quiet reply. "But I scarcely see why it should concern or interest Mr. Osborne."

He laughed and rubbed his hands.

"Well, that is the queerest joke I ever knew. Why, if a man is not interested in the birth and parentage of his own wife, or a girl who is as good as his wife, I don't know in whose he is likely to concern himself."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Oliver, in accents of strong and unmistakable disgust. "Your wife!" while Evelyn drew nearer to her newly-found cousin, and clasped her in her arms as if to shelter her from so dreadful a fate.

Ralph winced for a moment under the scornful astonishment thus involuntarily expressed, but his natural effrontery soon displayed itself.

"Yes, Master Oliver Danvers; she promised to be my wife on condition of my saving the life of your popinjay cousin, whom she took a fancy to; and I am deceived in her if she is a girl to break her word."

"I will not allow such a sacrifice," said Oliver, passionately. "My sister is now under my guardianship, and she cannot form any contract or engagement without my consent; and that consent I will never give to you."

Edith listened to this dialogue with closed eyes and clasped hands.

She seemed anxious to shut out surrounding objects, as if to collect her thoughts more clearly, to judge of her duty, to conquer the struggle within.

"Mr. Osborne, you are right. Perhaps it is ungenerous, unwise in you thus to press your claims, and insist on completing a contract that can lead to the happiness of neither. Still I have promised, and am ready to fulfil that promise."

Oliver gazed at his young sister with a mournful yet proud look.

"My poor Edith, my darling, my father's precious one—his long-mourned! Must it indeed be thus? Have I only found you to complete the sacrifice of your young life? Edith, my darling sister, may Heaven direct you aright! Once more, think ere you seal your fate!"

Edith was very pale. She glanced from Oliver to Evelyn with a piteous, appealing look, as if entreating them not to shake her resolution, nor to make her task more difficult.

"Aye, that's right; speak, Edith! You're a trump of a girl, I do believe. Let one word settle all, and then, you see, we can have a double wedding; for I suppose that's the next event in Master Oliver Danvers's stirring life. That's a noose you won't be able to get out of, my boy!"

There was a shiver of disgust thrilling through both the fair girls, who sat shrinking and cowering under the baleful glance of that hateful tormentor, like flowers in an unwholesome atmosphere. Edith's lips parted, but in vain.

Oliver hastily advanced between her and Ralph.

"It must not be," he said; "it must not be. It is too atrocious, too monstrous to be entertained! Anything but that—anything but that; to the very half of my fortune."

"You are right, Oliver Danvers," said a calm, quiet, cold voice, that sounded strange in the tumult and excitement of the moment; "anything but that. Ralph Osborne, listen to me. You have called Basil Maynard a villain. And so he was. He plotted and schemed for his own wretched, selfish purposes, and then to accomplish his revenge when those purposes were defeated. And this fair girl was a victim of his unscrupulous villainy, and of my weakness and credulity. I betrayed my trust; I sold the innocent child into the power of strangers, to a life of hardship and danger, after having aided to work the ruin and misery of one as fair, if not so high-minded and pure as either of these young creatures. All have pardoned their own and other's injuries who have been the victims of this fiendish plot—all but you, Ralph Osborne. The deserted, injured husband has pardoned his wife; and she, after hearing his forgiveness, and bestowing a blessing on her children, is about to retire with me to a place where we may spend the remainder of our few and profitless days in prayer and penitence. Will you not emulate the noble husband? Will you put another torturing memory in the hearts of those whose sole gleams of peace and happiness must be the thought of the happiness of those dearest to them? Even so my errand is to lead a child to her parents' feet, to hear for the first and the last time their united blessing."

Evelyn started from her place at Edith's side. "Did they send for me—and together?" she said, in a suppressed tone. "Oh, take me to them."

She glanced appealingly at Oliver. It was for him to lead her to her parents—for him to ask a blessing on their betrothal. But how leave that orphan sister, so newly found, at such a moment?

Ralph Osborne saw it all. His stony features worked. He cleared his throat more than once, took a step forward towards Edith, then suddenly stopped and looked earnestly at her.

"Edith Danvers," he said, in grave, earnest tones, "were you in earnest in your professions but now? Will you keep your promise to me, even without sheltering yourself under your brother's power to control you?"

There was a general feeling of bitter disappointment of the hope that had been kindled by Gertrude's earnest words. Edith was perhaps the least sanguine and the most prepared of the party.

"I am," she said, steadily; "and you know I speak truth, though to my own grievous hurt and misery."

Ralph looked strangely triumphant.

"I told you so," he said, glancing round. "I knew it."

Then turning again to Edith he said, with a sudden change of tone and look:

"But because you are a little angel, or what is better, a true-hearted woman, it's no reason that I should be a fiend. And so, take back your promise, child, and be happy your own way, and may Heaven bless you. And hark ye, Oliver Danvers, don't give her hastily to that young popinjay of a cousin. He's not worthy of her yet—mind you, not yet. I don't speak from jealousy, but the girl's a trump, as I said before, and I've a sort of right to save her from getting into worse keeping than mine might have been. Do you understand me?"

"I do, and will act on the warning: she shall be cared for as you would wish," said Oliver, solemnly. "It is the best recompense I can make for your sacrifice, and you shall have it to the full, Ralph Osborne, and the gratitude of more than one true heart for this noble act of justice."

Edith's lips quivered as she sprang up from her seat and clasped the large bony hand of the half-sullen, half-gratified Ralph in her small white palms. "May God in heaven bless you," she said. "I would have done my duty to you, Ralph Osborne, had my vows been once spoken, but you have saved yourself and me much misery by this nobleness."

"It will be repaid on his own head," said Gertrude, quietly. "Repaid by the regard and gratitude of many—repaid by his own conscience, repaid by his own escape from wretchedness. But it is sufficient delay. Come! there are those who wait anxiously

for you, and who have a claim on your utmost obedience."

She moved to the door as she spoke.

Oliver took Evelyn's hand in his and led her forward, and at a sign from the woman who had so strangely influenced her fate, Edith followed them from the room.

Gertrude led the way to the very apartment that had witnessed her interview with the guilty Basil, and the warnings she had there given him in vain. She gave a gentle tap at the door, and then opening it, she revealed a scene that brought the blood to Evelyn's cheek, and made her heart throb with an almost painful intensity of happiness. For the first time she saw her mother, knowing her to be such. For the first time she saw her noble father, since she had heard the blissful tidings that he yet lived.

And there he sat, his arm supporting the slender, willow-like form of the wife who had so wronged, so tortured him; his eyes bent on her with the pitying, forgiving affection that might beam in an angel's face.

It was a hallowed sight for those least interested. But for Evelyn, one that overpowered her with a reverence and delight that was scarcely of earth. Hugh Rivers signed to the young pair to approach.

"Evelyn—my child, my darling! Thank God that you have been preserved to this hour, and restored to me in all the purity and goodness that makes you doubly precious to a father's heart. Helen, my wife, at least your conscience is at rest on this point. Our child is all that the fondest mother could desire."

And he drew the fair girl, all crimsoned with happy yet subdued emotions, to his heart, and pressed a father's kiss on her lips.

Helen's tears were raining, softly yet abundantly, down her cheeks.

"I thank Heaven," she said, "I thank Heaven from my very heart that my worst punishment is averted, and that the penalty I so richly merited is not inflicted on me. My child has not suffered from my lies. She has been trained in a far different school from my weak, selfish character, and now I can leave her to a father and a husband who are worthy of her, and who will guard her as their choicest treasure; and—my boy—my Cecil!"

Gertrude Holland, who had retired during this agitating scene, now re-entered the room, followed by a figure, who at first remained half concealed by the heavy velvet curtains that shaded the door.

Evelyn was kneeling by her mother, her head half hidden in her lap, the first time that she had known the luxury of a mother's caress.

"My darling! my child!" murmured Helen; "oh, if you could but guess the yearnings, the intense longings I revisited to clasp you to my heart, to implore your forgiveness, your affection. It was a fearful trial, but, thank Heaven, I kept my vow; and till my sins were pardoned and atoned for, I never tasted the sweetness of my child's caress, my child's loving looks and words. Hugh, she will console you when I am gone."

"But you have another child, Helen, and your husband yet another tie in this weary world," said Gertrude, suddenly advancing, and revealing Cecil's tall, graceful form. "Cecil Rivers, ask your father's blessing, and seal your mother's peace!"

The young man advanced, slowly—hesitatingly. It was new to him, perhaps scarcely welcome—the authority of an unknown father, the presence of a mother whose name had been seldom spoken in his presence, or thought of, save with a flush of shame.

But the noble, commanding features of Hugh Rivers, the calm, *spirituelle*, unearthly beauty of the fast fading Helen, were arguments far more convincing than words.

He paused but for one instant. Then he knelt by Evelyn's side, and bent his head to receive the blessing that had not been spoken over it since early childhood.

"Heaven bless you, my son," said Hugh, with the simple dignity that was natural to him, "Heaven bless you! I trust that you will have no cause to regret that a father has, as it were, returned to life, to secure your future welfare by his counsel and his aid."

Helen did not speak. But she bent down and kissed his brow passionately.

"My boy—my first-born—my Cecil!" she murmured.

It was irresistible even to Cecil's more selfish and less impassioned nature. He threw his arms round his mother's slender form, and her tears fell on his face like summer rain—tears that were infectious to more than one manly eye in that little group.

Hugh was the first to break the silence that succeeded.

"Oliver," he said, "true son of your high-minded father, you have never yet asked my child at my hands. Take my new-found treasure, and rest

assured that you would have been my choice for her from a world. Evelyn, my darling, your own heart but divined your parent's fondest wishes."

Oliver's noble face was radiant as he received the fair hand of his long-loved cousin from the only man who had power to have retarded or refused the gift.

"A day may come when I can return your kindness by a similar boon, my dear uncle," he said, drawing Evelyn tenderly to his side. "And it shall be the study of my life to strive to deserve this precious treasure."

Cecil sprang up. His eyes kindled eagerly as they for the first time fell on Edith.

His lips parted as if about to reply to Oliver's hint, but his father signed to him to be silent.

"Not yet, Cecil!" he said, significantly. "Not yet. I know much, and can guess yet more. And so soon as you have proved yourself worthy of this dear girl, who will be to me as a second daughter, neither your father nor Edith's brother will deny the wish of your young hearts."

"Helen," he added, turning to his wife, "now that all is repaired, all atoned for, will you not remain amidst the love and the care that would be lavished on you from so many true hearts? And you, Gertrude, to whom we all owe so much, will you not aid us?"

Helen interrupted him.

"Ask it not. Tempt me not, Hugh," she said. "Henceforth I have done with all earthly love, and joy, and sorrow. Heaven be thanked, who has heard my prayers, and given me this proof of His mercy and His pardon. My husband, my children, Oliver, Edith, the best, and choicest blessings of heaven be on your heads. Think of me as of the dead. And as the dead, who are no fit subjects for mourning, but rather for thankfulness and rejoicing. Gertrude, come—come while I have strength!"

The last words were faintly murmured; and her husband hurried to her side, only to receive a senseless form in his arms.

The heart had snapped in that tumult of emotion, following such long, stern self-control, and deep suffering.

Helen Rivers had gone to her rest, amidst the tears, the love, and the pity of those whom she had most deeply injured, and to whom she had earnestly striven to atone for the past. She had spoken aright. Her death was rather cause for thankfulness, than for mourning or bitter regret.

Basil Maynard had at last met his fate, the end of his long tissue of crime and revenge. Long ere the final conclusion of Oliver Danvers' trial, the guilty man had learned the truth.

Secret and trusty emissaries had been carefully placed in relays in the court, and on the road to his house, so that scarcely ten minutes had elapsed from the first appearance of Hugh Rivers in the witness box, ere he had left his house, and put in motion the machinery that he had arranged in case of the worst.

Already a passage had been engaged for him, under a false name, in a vessel bound for Gibraltar, from which place he intended to pass into Spain, where he had passed some of the early years of his life, and could trust to his knowledge of the intricacies of the country to defy pursuit, and secure the lawless pursuits in which he most delighted.

The vessel that he had chosen sailed at midnight, and his flight had been so skillfully covered that not the slightest trace of his destination had been discovered, when he was already far from the land of his crime and his danger.

But though he escaped man's punishment, the vengeance of the Almighty was not so easily defied. One of the terrific storms to which even our more temperate zone is liable at intervals, burst over the doomed vessel in which this modern Jonah had found refuge; and a lightning flash in the height of that fearful storm sent the guilty soul to its account, and the victims of his crime were terribly avenged! without the interference of the justice or the passions of man.

Little remains to be told. Oliver Danvers and Evelyn enjoyed the peace and joy that crowned the remainder of their lives with a vivid zest and gratitude that only the knowledge of trial and suffering can give.

Hugh Rivers spent the remainder of his days with the child of his still loved Helen and the son of his honoured friend in calm and thankful contentment. He seldom mingled in general society, but in the circle of his children, grandchildren, and a few dear friends he found compensation for many a long year of lonely grief and repining.

And Edith! the wild rose, who had bloomed into such beauty, even without the fostering and training care of a loving mother and wise father! What of her?

Some two years after the marriage of Evelyn and Oliver, Cecil claimed his fair young bride.

Two years spent in wise discipline and self-control had changed the wild, impulsive youth into a brilliant but high-principled man.

And when Ralph Osborne received the bidding to the wedding of his once betrothed, he accompanied his rich marriage gift with a frank acknowledgment that Oliver's promise had been kept, and that Edith's vows could be safely given where her heart had long been placed.

THE END.

DANGEROUS GROUND;

OR,

SHE WOULD BE A COUNTESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Heart's Content," "Tempting Fortune," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CENTURY of agony seemed to be concentrated in those few seconds during which the huge snake was occupied in the contemplation of its living victim, at least it was so to Maxwell, who, though intoxicated before, became perfectly sobered by the horrible ordeal to which he was subjected.

The power of fascination which serpents are said to possess in no small degree, was here exemplified; for Maxwell gazed back into those shining, glistening eyes, enthralled by a terror which had something of the supernatural in it.

In that horrible moment his memory became very keen and vivid; all the acts of his life, all its incidents floated in a horrid but distinct panorama before him.

He was at the Red House Asylum—at Montargis Park—in the lighthouse.

His mind grew more vigorous under this active recollection, and when the first idea, which was that he was dreaming, faded away, he longed to make an effort to save his life.

How he could have got into a cage, with an enormous serpent for his only companion, he could not imagine; but that he was neither mad nor the subject of an awful hallucination, the evidence of his senses did not permit him to doubt.

He saw the snake draw nearer, he felt its fetid breath on his cheek, and he heard its sharp, premonitory hiss, which he knew was but a precursor to the deadly sinuous motion which would enable it to fling its coils around his unresisting limbs, and crush him into a shapeless, mangled mass.

Oh! the horrors of the dreadful interval. Could the devilish malignities of his enemies go further? All the tortures of the Inquisition in its worst days paled and sank into insignificance before this.

For a moment the snake withdrew its eyes from those of Maxwell, probably to retreat a few paces, the better to encircle its prey; and this instantaneous motion was the salvation of the wretched man, who rose to his feet—the box being just high enough to enable him to stand up—and with all his strength he cast himself against the strong plate glass through which a view of the serpent's movements was obtained.

Strong though it was, his frenzied effort sufficed to crack it, and with the fury of a madman he dashed again at it, and fell, exhausted, cut, and bleeding, on the floor of the caravan.

This unexpected manœuvre alarmed the Persians, who were fearful lest the box should emerge through the aperture and get loose. Leaving their prisoner entirely to the care of the Earl of Montargis, they centred all their attention upon the snake, and one of them seized a board which happened to be lying on the floor. This, with the assistance of his companions, he held against the newly-made hole, while the others with a hammer and nails endeavoured to make it fast.

The Earl of Montargis was utterly disconcerted at Maxwell's miraculous escape. He had regarded his speedy death as a foregone conclusion, and for a time was incapable of action.

Maxwell, seeing that no notice was taken of him, sprang up, and looked about him for a weapon of defence, though ghastly pale and trembling all over.

Not content with this, he shouted for help at the top of his voice, creating an uproar which could be distinctly heard in the road, though his chance of finding succour at that late hour of the night was small indeed.

Fortune, however, seemed to favour him. Lord Montargis was unarmed. The Persians were occupied in restraining the further action of the serpent, which, balked of its prey, was raging about its cage in wanton fury.

Maxwell grasped a small stool, and holding it in his hand, prepared to meet violence with violence,

while he edged towards the door, knowing that his life depended upon his bravery and determination. If vanquished, he would be again given to the bon, and he could not expect to escape a second time from its murderous coils.

His shouts for help continued, and his heart throbbed with a wild joy as he heard the sound of a struggle going on outside.

Evidently the Persians who were left on the watch were attacked by some travellers passing, who had heard his cries for help.

Striking the Earl of Montargis a heavy blow on the head with the stool, which his strength converted into a formidable weapon, he saw him fall stunned, and pressed on to the door, drawing back a bolt and making a spring into the road.

The light of the moon enabled him to see the Persians struggling with two tall, brawny Scotchmen, who disposed of their enemies with rapidity; one being hurled over a hedge, behind which he fell, breaking two of his ribs and groaning dismally, the other rolling under the caravan, his face terribly battered, and his senses having taken their departure for a brief space.

While Maxwell was looking on at this exhibition of strength, and thanking Providence for such timely intervention on his behalf, he heard a woman's voice call him by name.

Turning round, he beheld Amanda, who with rapturous excitement threw her arms round him, calling him her darling, and asking him a multitude of questions.

He endeavoured to speak, but the re-action came now. He could see he was safe and with friends, so the nervous energy which had enabled him to bear up, melted away, and he became the poor weak thing he usually was, and with an incoherent noise he sank down at her feet, insensible and apparently lifeless.

"It is lucky indeed that we followed him from the inn," said Amanda, addressing one of the Scotchmen, "for some terrible work has been going on here. I will not, however, stay to investigate the matter. We have recovered the gentleman of whom I was in search, and you shall both of you have the reward I promised you, for your bravery in rescuing him from his enemies is beyond all praise. So you, Peter McGrath, aid Sandy in carrying the poor man back to the town; I will bring up the rear, and give you timely warning if any fresh outrage is attempted."

The Scotchmen, who were vigorous fellows, quickly obeyed their instructions, and carrying the inanimate form of Maxwell between them, proceeded along the road towards the town in which Maxwell had met the earl, which meeting was so nearly having a fatal termination.

Neither the Persians nor the Earl of Montargis were in a fit condition to follow Amanda. Two of the former were out of the combat altogether; the others too much occupied with the sacred serpent, which they held to be of paramount importance, to take any interest in Maxwell; while the earl had not yet recovered from the blow dealt him in the caravan.

A few words will explain Amanda's opportune arrival on the scene of action.

Finding that Maxwell did not return, she had employed two spies, Peter McGrath and Sandy Campbell, who had at last succeeded in tracing Maxwell to the inn, where he had indulged in drink to such an extent as to be incapable. They hastened with the news to their employer, who, though it was late in the evening, lost no time in making use of the intelligence. She went to the inn, and was informed that Maxwell had gone away on horseback with a gentleman a short time before. Having ascertained the direction taken, she commenced the pursuit, and overtook the van at the critical time when Maxwell, in his extremity, was crying for help; though at first she had no suspicion that he was so near, her only expectation being that she should trace the two men to some inn, where they would probably halt before long, when she could again take possession of Maxwell, who, she felt sure, would accompany her whithersoever she pleased.

The people at the inn were roused without difficulty, and though they expressed some astonishment at Maxwell's return, they provided accommodation for all the parties. A doctor was sent for to attend to Maxwell, whom he pronounced to be in a dangerous state. His pulse was high, and he was soon in a raging fever.

He would start up, and cry in frenzied accents: "Oh, God! the snake! the snake! Keep it back—it will crush me in its horrid coils—keep it off! Save me! for the love of Heaven, save me!" and then, exhausted, he fell back upon the pillows.

All this was inexplicable to Amanda; but she watched by his side night and day, only allowing

herself a few hours' repose, and when she retired her place was taken by Peter McGrath, for she feared the machinations of the earl too much to leave him alone.

Three weeks passed, and all danger was over. The fever subsided, and the doctor who had been called in to take charge of the case declared that his convalescence was now only a question of time, and that change of air would restore him to his wonted strength as soon as he was able to be moved.

The Earl of Montargis did not make his appearance. He was completely beaten by the masterly tactics of Amanda; but she feared that he was only biding his time; and when Maxwell grew well and strong enough to tell her how he had been treated, and what a narrow escape he had had of being offered up as a living sacrifice, she shuddered, and was more convinced than ever that Montargis was an enemy full of resources, and not to be despised, who had temporarily given up the chase, not really abandoned it, as his inaction was probably assumed to throw her off her guard.

As soon as Maxwell was well enough, she removed to London, and they stayed together at a fashionable hotel. Sometimes a fit of melancholy would overtake him, and he would go through the scene in the caravan, and cry aloud for those in the room to save him from the snake, which showed that the affair had made an impression upon him such as to occasionally derange his intellect.

So satisfied was Amanda in her own mind that Maxwell was the heir to the Montargis title and estates, and Noel, the son of his brother, of whom the late earl had spoken, that she resolved to make him marry her without delay. She had determined to be a countess, and if she could prove Maxwell's case she would achieve the summit of her ambition.

His mind seemed to grow weaker and weaker since the recent shock which had been administered to it, and his fondness for intoxicating liquors increased rather than diminished, which of course fostered his disease. In spite of her utmost vigilance, he would contrive at times to outwit Amanda, and the result was a deplorable state of brutal oblivion, which sometimes lasted for days.

Though he certainly derived pleasure from her society, he did not make love to her, and she had to encourage his backwardness, which she did one morning at breakfast, by saying:

"You told me in Scotland, Maxwell, that you would like to make me your wife. I have not forgotten that happy time, if you have."

"So you shall be, Amanda," he answered, "if you can see anything in a poor friendless fellow like me to love. I will marry you at once, and then I shall know that I have a protectress at all events."

This was enough for her. She procured a licence, bought a ring, which she gave him, treating him in every way like a child, and preparations for the marriage were hurried on.

It happened that in front of the altar, when they entered the church, unaccompanied—for the marriage was to be strictly private—Maxwell saw a snake fantastically twined and painted under a copy of the Lord's Prayer, the serpent having been introduced by the ecclesiastical decorator as an emblem of eternity, but the mere sight of the snake so unsettled his mind and terrified his understanding, that he uttered frantic shrieks, and had one of those paroxysms to which Amanda had been accustomed of late, but which she did not anticipate on such an occasion, and least of all in the sacred edifice, where she did not think there would be anything at all likely to excite him.

"The snake! the snake!" cried Maxwell, recoiling in horror from the altar. "See! it follows me even here and will crush me. Save me! am I to be given over to this awful reptile, and will no one raise a hand to help me?"

The vergers and pew-opener, who were standing near, were as much astonished and alarmed as was the clergyman, who closed the book he had just opened, as Maxwell fell down in a fit, foaming at the mouth, and plunging convulsively.

Turning to Amanda, the officiating clergyman said:

"Is he subject to attacks of this kind?"

"Occasionally," she replied, in much confusion.

"His behaviour resembles that of a lunatic. I do not think I ought to perform the service without a certificate from the gentleman's medical attendant. At present it is out of the question. I shall be happy to see you again respecting this matter," he continued, and he added: "Believe me, I am very sorry for you."

Amanda was obliged to stifle her rage, and she rendered what assistance she could to the vergers and the pew-opener, who were endeavouring to stop Maxwell's convulsions, in which effort they were not successful for some time.

When he recovered he did not appear to know

what had occasioned his illness, but looked round him vacantly, as one who had recently had an epileptic attack. With assistance he walked to a cab, and was driven back to the hotel.

The chagrin to which Amanda became a prey was acute and poignant, and she passed the evening by herself, for Maxwell was ill in bed. Her thoughts were bitter in the extreme, and she felt the want of some counsellor.

Mr. Nodes, the lawyer whose name the Earl of Montargis had pronounced when she first saw him in conversation with Maxwell, suggested himself to her, and asking for a law list, she saw the name, with an address in Bedford Row.

To him she went early the next day, and had a long conversation with him. He assured her that he was in no way bound to the interests of the present earl, and would assist her as much as lay in his power.

"I have always had my suspicions, Miss Garraway," he said, "that the young man was not being fairly treated; but you have very difficult and uphill work before you. I think that you are lucky in having had your contemplated marriage broken off, for if you cannot succeed in establishing his title, of what use would it be to such an amiable and good-looking young lady as yourself to marry such a man?"

"I did not come here, Mr. Nodes, to hear you pay me compliments which are as empty as they are undesired," she replied, administering a rebuke which she considered necessary. "I have applied to you as a lawyer for your advice, and however desirable a match I may be for anybody, it is surely not a matter which concerns you."

"I beg your pardon—" he said.

"I will spare you the apology which you are about to make," she continued, interrupting him; "because I feel sure that you have been guilty of an indiscretion which will not be repeated. You have had my confidence wholly and entirely, and now I want your advice. You know how the earl died, what he said to his son, and that he left me a considerable sum of money, but his secret he did not impart to any one. How would you proceed if you were in my place?"

"In the first instance I should endeavour to become acquainted with the friends of the lady whom the brother of the late Earl of Montargis married," replied Mr. Nodes, regaining his equanimity.

He was a bachelor, and a floating idea that he might possibly succeed in marrying Amanda had crossed his mind, but she, by her energetic reply, had nipped it in the bud.

"Do you know the name?" she queried.

Mr. Nodes thought he did. Mr. Nodes admitted that years ago, when he first saw Maxwell, and had to pay him an allowance by the earl's request, he had suspicions similar to those which Amanda owned she was animated by, and he, knowing the story of the disappearance of a child after his father's death, by which means the Earl of Montargis mounted to his high position, had made a few inquiries.

Consulting some old and discoloured papers, which he took out of a safe, Mr. Nodes informed her that the name of the lady was Happiman, but that he could never make anything out of the enquiry which he instituted.

Mr. Happiman and Miss Happiman, the brother and sister of the deceased lady, lived in Bloomsbury—he had the correct address—and he had called upon them, but other business cropping up, and the affairs of the earl being very lucrative to him, he did not think it worth his while to push the matter further, so it fell into oblivion, and he had done nothing more in it than what he had the honour to tell her.

"I will see these Happimans, as you suggest," replied Amanda, when he had finished speaking, as she put the address in her pocket.

"And if you will allow me to further recommend you," the attorney went on, "I should put Mr. Maxwell under some safe tutelage, say that of Dr. Laxton, near Richmond, who keeps a water-cure establishment. He will meet ladies and gentlemen at Dr. Laxton's, and the restraint to which he will be subjected will not be in any way galling."

"I dare not. The Earl of Montargis may discover his whereabouts, and his life would not be safe. If you only knew—"

She paused.

"If I only knew what?" asked Mr. Nodes, curiously.

Amanda told him the episode of the travelling Persians and the snake, which Maxwell had related to her in the full intensity of its horror in his calmer moments, and the attorney was convinced that she was right.

"Nevertheless," he went on, "if you are to marry this man you must restore him to a certain state of health, or—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Amanda, with a scornful laugh, "what do I care for the man after he is

my husband, and I have established his claim to the earldom of Montargis?"

"But—"
"There is no 'but' about it," she continued; "he may die, or go mad, or have delirium tremens, or be sacrificed to a snake, as soon as possible when I am his countess. It is not the man that I care for, Mr. Nodes—it is the position, which I could not enjoy as I intend to enjoy it with such a millstone as he round my neck. It would be better to be tied to a corpse."

She spoke with great energy, and Mr. Nodes began to better comprehend the character of his visitor than he had hitherto done.

"If you will kindly consider my proposition," he went on, "you will not find any cause for regret. With Dr. Laxton, Mr. Maxwell will be perfectly safe, and arrive at the state of health which will enable you to become his wife without any taint or reproach, for let me tell you, Miss Garraway," added the attorney, warming in his turn, "character goes for a great deal in this country, and the fashionable world will not hold out the hand of welcome and good fellowship to you if you enter it with a reputation spotted. There are so many people in England with money and of rank, that one more added to the rank is of very little consequence to anybody, and be sure that unless you conduct yourself with propriety the doors of good houses will be closed against you."

An angry retort rose to Amanda's lips, but she checked it, for she felt the full force of the lawyer's remarks, which were pointed and just.

"Thank you," she said, coldly; "your advice I believe to be good, though you might have veiled it in more courteous language. I will visit the Happimans and prosecute my inquiries in that quarter. Mr. Maxwell shall go to Dr. Laxton if I approve of his asylum. To-morrow shall see me at Richmond. I presume I may mention your name with the doctor?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. I am acquainted with him."

"I am obliged to you," continued Amanda; "and now, Mr. Nodes, I will wish you good-bye."

The solicitor rose and bowed his visitor politely out. When he was alone again he sat down with a pen in his hand, and muttered:

"Now to write to the Earl of Montargis. I fancy there is more to be got out of him than there is from this mercenary and scheming woman, who shall never succeed in her plan if I can prevent her. She was a fool to confide in me, but the cleverest women are fools at times; they generally contrive to overreach themselves."

And he began to write a long letter, which he finished in time for the post, directed to the Earl of Montargis, at Montargis Park; this he saw despatched, and putting on his hat and coat, went home to dinner.

(To be continued.)

FACETIÆ.

BALL PRACTICE.

"Stupid things, these country dances," observed the brilliant Captain Asterisk to his partner during a *Sir Roger de Coverley*.

"I'm sorry to see that you can blow hot and cold at the same time," replied, archly, the fascinating Miss Starra.

"How so?" inquired the gallant dragoon, smiling.
"Because," returned the witty heiress, pointing her sparkling epigram by a dart of her costly fan between the light-hearted soldier's fifth and sixth rib, "because I see that while you are abusing the dance you are standing up for it."

The dashing militiaire was at this moment summoned to join in "hands across."

"* Under the head of Ball Practice I propose from time to time to suggest 'good things to say' at dances, to partners, &c., &c. Considering the ordinary difficulties of conversation under these circumstances, such a Handy Volume will be, I am sure, most welcome.—Your brilliantly,

PATENT BOOTS.—*Punch*.

THE CABMAN OF THE FUTURE.

Thanks to the new Cab Act, we are to see, if we live long enough, some improvement in our cabs; and it is actually within the bounds of possibility that we may discover some improvement in their drivers. Who can tell what changes may be wrought both in their manners and demeanour, now that they are allowed by law to charge just what they please—if they do but hoist a flag to tell us what they do please; and now that they no longer groan beneath the tyranny of vexatious legislation?

May we not expect to find them civil, cleanly, courteous, and even conscientious? Instead of growling out "Wot's this?" when they are paid their proper fare, may they not be found to receive it with

a bow and a few graceful words expressive of their respectful gratitude? or if they conceive themselves entitled to more than has been offered them, may they not remonstrate with such elegant persuasiveness that nobody will have the heart to turn a deaf ear to their pleading?

Cabs have hitherto been commonly mere vehicles of abuse. Let us hope the Cab Reform Bill, which was passed last Session may lead to a reforming of the language of the cabmen.—*Punch*.

THE TONGUE.

"But the tongue no man can tame."

GREAT gifts abundant from above
Show'd round around our favour'd race,
All wisely framed with tender love,
But oft times men do them disgrace.

The tongue must range with gifts the first,
The pow'r of speech should be respected,
But, oh, how oft it's treated worst!
And ever seems the most neglected.

We know its duties should not be
To rail, to vainly jeer, or scoff;
But far from vice o'er be free,
Returning soft answers to wrath.

'Twas framed to lull with gentle tone,
To soothe, to comfort, and repair,
The ill and wrongs that fly around,
Besetting us from everywhere.

To ease the frown of cold despair,
And kindly lift from memory's stall
The cloudy scenes that hover there,
The tongue was framed to ease them all.

But strong enthroned within its walls,
This little member reigns supreme,
And there, too, fights a mighty cause,
This simple little boastful thing!

With teeth and lips for its defence,
Its words are peace when war is meant;
Regardless of a keen offence,
Its prattling rabble oft is lent.

It slanders him who gave it pow'r,
Stirs up around a deadly strife;
Brings many a sad thing, wretched hour,
To mar the happy scenes of life.

How oft it wages angry war,
And darts its poisoned spleen astray,
On friend or foe, near or far,
That cross its dang'rous, treacherous way.

Thus onward fast this chattering goes,
And many deceiving tales it tells,
Causing stern distress, or woe,
Or mischief, where it lingering dwells.

How rare its duties tend to good,
Compar'd with its voice to do ill!
So prone to an insolent mood
Than wisely forth kind words to peal.

The tongue is a fire kindled high,
The whole body it brings to shame;
Though man may imperfectly try,
Yet nought but God's grace can it tame.

GEO. C. SWAIN.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

HYDRAULIC CEMENT.—An improved cement, which perfectly resists the action of water, and is designed for the ornamentation of buildings, has been proposed by Mr. J. A. Dubus, of Paris. The principal component parts are lime, silica, and alumina, the two latter being extracted from refractory clays. In order to bring about the formation of the double silicate of lime and alumina, sulphuric and boric acid are added in small quantities. The proportions of the constituents are varied, according as the cement is required to set slowly or quickly. The proportions of the substance in the anhydrous state are—fat lime of first quality, 67.96 to 74.65; refractory, 27.18 to 42.89; sulphate of lime, 4.76 to 9.06; and boric acid, 0.10 to 0.40. These set with varying rapidity, but are of equal quality, and ultimately attain the same degree of hardness. The substances are mixed, after being ground to a fine powder; they are then made into bricks with water, baked at a white heat, and reduced to an impalpable powder, which is mixed with water, and used as cement.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN DYEING.—The discovery of the aniline colours marked an important era in the history of the art of dyeing, and the development of the varied and beautiful tints from that organic base has proved eminently useful. Since the introduction of those dyes, and up to the present time, no very marked or radical improvements have been effected, no thoroughly new and practical discoveries have

been made. Now, however, we have a perfectly new dye, which is extracted from a material in which—so far as we are aware—its existence was not previously suspected. Moreover, the new dye promises to supersede the aniline colours, which, as is well known, fade very rapidly, whereas the new dye has been well tried by men of experience, and is found to stand the most searching tests that could be applied. The new colouring matter is a purely vegetable extract, the plants from which it is obtained being imported from the western parts of Africa and also from the West Indies. The plants are cut down at a particular season of the year, when they are found to contain the liquid which possesses the valuable colouring matter to which we have referred. After having been reduced by machinery to a finely divided state, the new ligneous matter is subjected to various processes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. BARLOW'S success in driving his subway under the Thames proves that wherever there is a thickness of 20 ft. of London clay, tunnels may be made rapidly, safely, and cheaply.

THE question whether the supply of water to London ought to be in the hands of companies or of a public body has been again discussed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, but no definite result was come to.

SOME fishermen in the neighbourhood of Scalloway, near Lerwick, went out to sea on the 11th ult., and met with a shoal of whales, 300 of which they succeeded in capturing, chiefly by driving them ashore in a convenient bay.

ON the Thames Embankment, a little below Waterloo Bridge, on the Westminster side, one of four model lamps has been temporarily erected for approval. It is of splendid design, and the lamps cost 40*l.* each, the original design costing above 200*l.*

IF Dr. Livingstone has really discovered that one of the sources of the Nile rises ten degrees south of the equator, that river becomes the longest in the world. The distance from such a southern latitude to Cairo is about equal, in an air line, to the distance from the mouth of the Mississippi to Sitka, in Alaska, or to Uppernavik, in Greenland, or from the Isthmus of Panama to the mouth of the St. Lawrence river.

AFFECTING DEATH OF AN AGED COUPLE.—William Oliver, aged 82 years, known as the "miller of Milton mill," and his wife, aged 84 years, were interred in one grave in St. Nolan's churchyard lately. Oliver had often expressed a desire that he and his wife should be buried together. His wife died on the Wednesday at five o'clock. Her husband asked his friends not to bury her too soon, for he felt his end coming on; and, accordingly, he died on the Friday.

IF Englishmen are not more loyal the farther they wander from the mother country, they are certainly more demonstrative in their loyalty. The consequence is that at the Antipodes the people are exceedingly strict observers of royal birthday. Her Majesty's birthday is the greatest holiday in the year, with the single exception of Christmas, and the Prince of Wales's birthday ranks next in importance. This year the latter day was religiously observed by the colonists of Brisbane generally, according to their lights and opportunities. All shops and places of business, except the drinking shops, were closed, and all kinds of work were suspended for the day.

VOTING BY TELEGRAPH.—In order to save unnecessary loss of time in voting when divisions take place in the Lower Chamber of the Landtag, Count Falkenberg has proposed the adoption of an ingenious electrical apparatus, the invention of Messrs. Siemens and Halske, of Berlin. This instrument exhibits on three different dials at the moment the vote is taken—1, the votes in favour of the measure; 2, those opposed to it; 3, the sum of the favourable and unfavourable votes, which serves to check or confirm the previous numbers. Besides this, the instrument indicates on a slip of paper containing the names of all the members how each of them has voted, and by means of an autographic apparatus any number of copies of this list may be produced with great rapidity. Should it be demanded, the name of each member, and the way in which he has voted, can be made visible by means of a sort of valve to every part of the house. The mode of employing this machine is the following:—A sort of lever, resembling the lengthened hand of a clock, is placed beside the seat of each deputy. By means of a key which every member receives at the beginning of the session, the hand can be directed to "Yes" or "No," as soon as the president puts the question. The electrical apparatus is worked by one of the ushers of the house by means of a handle.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY SOPHIA.—You will find a receipt for whitening the hands in No. 304, Vol. XII.

A. M.—You should try the effect of a covering of wash-leather in regulating the colouring of your meerschaum.

PHILIP DASHWOOD.—The bankruptcy of the master annuities indentures of apprenticeship.

FORTUNATUS SCOTLAND.—You will probably meet with a Portuguese grammar second-hand, by an inspection of the book-stalls in Booksellers' Row.

F. DUNN.—Apply at the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, where there is a department for learners as telegraph clerks. We never reply to correspondents through the post.

G. VERNON.—If you supply us with correct dates and references, we will endeavour to obtain the further information you require respecting the old stone at Kew Bridge, bearing the date of 1660.

C. R.—You have no legal claim in respect of the home services performed by you for your deceased father, and are only entitled to an equal share with his other children of the property which he died possessed of.

R. E.—A piece of magnesium wire having a diameter of 1/1000th of an inch emits a light equal to that given by seventy-four stearine candles weighing five to the pound. The intensity of the magnesium light is equal to nearly 1/130th of that afforded by the sun on a bright November day.

CAREFUL MARY.—Petroleum, paraffin, and other similar oils have been largely and successfully employed as a remedy against the offensive domestic insects you name that infest most households. A simple wash of the oil on the resorts of such noxious pests is only required.

MARGARET WALSHINGHAM.—In Roman Catholic times it was compulsory upon the people to confess their sins and be absolved by the priests on the day which has from this circumstance been since called Shrove Tuesday.

F. B.—Many plants besides that usually known as the sensitive plant possess the quality of sensitiveness. They may, it has been proved, be acted on by chloroform, electricity, and other chemical agents affecting the nerves of animals. An eminent French savant has experimentally proved the fact.

S. SHARPE.—All the volumes of THE LONDON READER are in print; the price is 4s. 6d. each, and they can be obtained from the publisher on sending stamps for that amount and for postage, which is 1s. 3d. per volume.

ZOE EBERDINE.—Every marriage before a registrar is perfectly legal in every respect; and therefore, the children of such marriage are legitimate. Such a marriage cannot be dissolved except on the usual grounds for obtaining divorce.

D. M.—During the prevalence of distemper in dogs they should be allowed to run on the grass, their diet should be spare, and a little sulphur mixed in their water. Chemists who dispense cattle medicines can generally advise safely on the diseases of dogs. A good book for your purpose would be "Youatt on the Dog."

ARTHUR WHITE.—The rate of human weight carried for a corresponding weight of carriage on railways is out of all proportion to that of road carriages. An omnibus weighing one ton will carry thirty people, weighing thirty-seven cwt.; whereas a first-class railway carriage, weighing five tons, only conveys, if full, eighteen people, weighing twenty-two cwt.

ZAMPA.—There really is such a phenomenon as "singing flames"; that is, certain forms of flame are subject to the influence of sounds. For example, if the flame of a jet of gas be on the point of "roaring" it becomes sensitive to sound, and will vibrate or dance in unison with the sounds of an arvil, pianoforte, or generally with all the high notes of any musical instrument—the higher the notes, the greater the effect. You can try the experiment even with a flaring dip candle.

AN ADMIRER.—An agreement of partnership should certainly be drawn up by a solicitor, as neglecting to do so may lead to realising the proverb, "penny wise and pound foolish," the expense being too inconsiderable to be balanced against the feeling of security. However, printed forms of agreement, with blanks left to be filled in, may be purchased at any law stationer's.

BLACK DASHWOOD.—The following preparation of gilmore's glue is valuable: Rabbit skins cut in shreds as small as vermicelli, are boiled with a sufficient quantity of water for some time on a water-bath. The fluid is passed through a sieve; and to the clear fluid, while yet hot, add 100 grains of sulphate of zinc and 25 grains of alum, previously dissolved in boiling distilled water. The

mixture is thoroughly stirred up and again filtered through a fine sieve; after this, the clear fluid is poured into a suitable vessel, and left to solidify, which takes place after 24 hours in winter and 48 in summer. When the solidification is complete, the gelatinous mass is cut up into oblong squares and dried, as is usual with glue. When required for use, the dry glue should be soaked first, for about ten hours, in cold water, and next melted by the aid of a water-bath. One kilo of this dried glue yields a thick solution with from eight to ten litres of water.

A. DE LISLE.—Monograms and cyphers are not armorial bearings within the meaning of the Act. Consequently you are exempt from the tax.

HETTY GOULDING.—Your first question it is entirely out of our province to answer: for we eschew any expression of opinion on theological subjects most religiously. Your handwriting is tolerably good; it will certainly be desirable to practise diligently. We may remind you of the old couplet:

"If in writing you'd improve,
You must with writing fall in love."

CAPTAIN NICKERSON.—William Tell, it is now quite proved, was only a hero of fable—his existence was entirely a myth. A recent French investigator into the struggle of the four Swiss cantons against the Hapsburgs has placed Tell's assumed existence beyond doubt amongst the historic myths—as also the three other famed Swissers, Walter Furst, Stauffer, and Melchthal.

J. HUNTER.—To varnish water-colour drawings, boil some clean parchment-cuttings in water in a clean glazed pipkin, till a very clear size is produced: strain it, and keep it for use. Give the drawings two coats of this mixture, passing quickly over the work so as not to disturb the colours; when dry, proceed as usual for varnishing. For the biography of the gentleman whom you have named, we must refer you to "Men of the Time," as we do not give biographical information in these columns.

ALWAYS BUY THE BEST.

'Twas ever thought the better plan,
And one that stood the test,
In shopping or in marketing,
Always to buy the best.

And this holds good in all the ways
Of life, my thrifty friend:
In purchasing, you'll find the best
Prove cheapest in the end.

The best of truth to clothe one's self,
Right rightly, forthwith;
For truth, if woven with a lie,
Is neither lie nor truth!

And lies are such transparent things,
They vanish with a breath;
Or, e'en if let alone, will soon
Quit run themselves to death!

The best of Will to make one's way,
In sorrow or in joy,
The best of Honour when we trade,
The kind without alloy!

M. A. K.

X. X. X.—Any remedy for removing superfluous hair is doubtful. Many of the depilatories commonly used are even dangerous. The effect of even the best depilatory is pretty much the same as that of using a razor, and this is unquestionably a better remedy. After all, however, the very best and safest is a pair of tweezers and patience. The hairs should be perseveringly plucked up by the roots, and the skin, having been washed twice a day without soap, should be treated with the wash called milk of roses.

ONE IN A FILL.—It certainly showed a want of reflection (although proving a kindly feeling) to forward English snowdrops to America in a copy of *The London Gazette*, and write on the paper directions for planting them. It is illegal to write anything beyond the address on newspapers; but we think you need not now terrify yourself—the offence probably was not discovered, nor your friend injured. You should write and explain the matter to him.

C. GODFREY.—Stony Coating for Wood.—The following mixture, viz., chalk, 40 parts; resin, 50 parts; linseed oil, 4 parts; are mixed perfectly by the aid of heat, to the mixture is then to be added, of oxide of copper, 1 part; sulphuric acid, 1 part. The sulphuric acid is not to be added until the previous ingredients are well combined, and then very gradually, well stirring between each portion of acid as added. Apply while hot to the surface of wood or any material to be protected.

MRS. GOULDING.—Skeleton leaves may be prepared as follows: Macerate a leaf—it must be a perfect one—in water containing a little pearl ash. The cellular tissues will gradually disappear, and what is left may be removed by a camel-hair brush. The brown colour may be removed by immersing the leaf in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and well washing in water; it should then be dried by pressure between blotting paper. The writing is ladylike.

INQUISITIVE MINNIE.—White or coloured kid gloves may be cleaned thus: Put on your glove, then take a small piece of flannel, dip it in turpentine or camphine, and well but gently rub it over the glove, taking care not to make it too wet; when the dirt is removed, dip the flannel (or another piece if the first has become dirty) in pipeclay, and rub it over the glove; take it off, and hang it in a room to dry, and in a day or two very little soil will remain. If done carefully they will be almost as good as new. The only means to improve your handwriting is to practise steadily. See the reply to HETTY GOULDING above.

P. C.—The following is an excellent receipt for making chutney: One pound of salt, one pound of mustard seed, one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of brown sugar, twelve ounces of garlic, six ounces of Cayenne pepper, two quarts of unripe gooseberries, and two quarts of best vinegar. The mustard seed gently dried and bruised, the sugar made into a syrup with a pint of the vinegar, the gooseberries dried and boiled in a quart of the vinegar, and the garlic to be well bruised in a mortar. When cold,

gradually mix the whole in a large mortar, and with the remaining vinegar thoroughly amalgamate the ingredients. To be tied down close; and the longer kept the better.

BILLIONS.—As far as practical utility is concerned, there is hardly ever any occasion to express by figures numbers exceeding hundreds of millions; but the system of notation admits of being extended so as to represent any number whatever. We give you a simple rule: If, instead of supposing that such division consists of three figures, we include six figures as far as we can in each division from the right hand, the first may be regarded as so many hundreds of thousands of units, the next as so many hundreds of thousands of millions, the next as so many hundreds of thousands of what are called billions, and the succeeding divisions of so many hundreds of thousands of what are termed trillions, quadrillions, &c.

HELLA.—To wash coloured flannels and prevent them from shrinking, take half the weight of soda that there is of soap, boil them with water, allowing a gallon to every pound of soap, and use it when perfectly cold. Wet the flannel in cold water, wash it then in fresh cold water with some of the boiled mixture amongst it, change the water till the flannel becomes perfectly clean, then rinse well and dry in the shade. To prevent flannels from shrinking when first to be washed, put them into a pail of boiling water and let them remain till cold. Under ordinary circumstances—such as making a call—it is not necessary to take off the gloves.

J. F. H.—Beef *a la mode* is made as follows: Cut four pounds of lean beef into pieces, with some rashers of fat bacon in long strips, have a seasoning ready made of equal quantities of beaten mace, nutmegs, and pepper, and twice as much salt; dip the bacon into vinegar, and then in the seasoning; put the meat over the fire in a large pot, with a pint of thick gravy, two large onions, a bunch of sweet herbs, a gill of port wine, and some lemon peel; cover it down very close, and put a wet cloth round the edge of the lid, to prevent the steam from escaping. When it is half done, turn it, and cover it up again. It will require four or five hours to do it thoroughly. This receipt you can modify to suit your purpose, preserving the relative proportion of ingredients, or omitting the more expensive ones.

ANNIE, seventeen, short, fair, and of a loving disposition. Respondent must be fair, and fond of home.

M. W., twenty-six, and L. A., twenty-four (friends), of a loving disposition, and will make good wives.

LIZIE, twenty-two, medium height, fair, and thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be about twenty-six; a mechanic preferred.

HELEN, twenty-five, 5ft. 6in., steady, fond of home and a tradesman. Respondent must be domesticated and able to cook a dinner.

MAY WILLOUGHBY, seventeen, 5ft. 5in., dark, black hair and eyes, and very fond of music. Respondent must be about twenty-one, tall, and dark; a sailor preferred.

ELLA and ANNIE (friends).—"Ella," thirty, medium height, dark hair and eyes, good looking, and domesticated. "Annie," twenty-six, dark eyes, and loving disposition. Respondents must be steady; mechanics preferred.

AGORA, tall, fair, very ladylike, fond of music, and a gentleman's daughter residing in the country, but is not happy. Would like to receive the carte de visite of a tall, dark, handsome gentleman, not more than twenty-five years of age.

MABEL HAMILTON, seventeen, 5ft. 3in., very fair, blue eyes, wavy golden hair, and very fond of music and dancing. Respondent must be about twenty-one, tall, and dark; a sailor preferred.

M. M. R., nineteen, 5ft. 10in., black Dunderry whiskers, has a salary of 150l., together with 1,000l. of his own, and a house with grounds attached about two miles from a Scottish town. Respondent must be good looking, fair, fond of music, and kind-hearted.

FAITHFUL (Manchester), twenty-nine, kind-hearted, loving, fond of home, and with sufficient income to keep a wife. Respondent must be under forty, not taller than 5ft. 4in., and be worthy of man's best love; a widow who has had no children preferred.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

JESSIE is responded to by—"W. H.," tall, dark, and a tradesman in the country; would like to exchange cards. E. L. H. by—"Dicolyledonous" (a chemist), twenty-four, hazel eyes, dark hair, good tempered, well educated, steady, and fond of home; *carte, &c.*, requested.

LIZIE ROSE by—"James Wilkinson," twenty-one, 5ft. 11in., dark, black hair, inclined to be curly, black eyes, considered handsome, accomplished, affectionate, fond of home, with an income of 210l. per annum, and expects to inherit four thousand.

NELSON by—"Agnes," nineteen, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion, intellectual, affectionate, domesticated, and very fond of home; would like to exchange cards.

MARGARET by—"J. H.," a blue-jacket. EDITH LISSENDINE wishes for *carte* and further particulars of respondent to her. Should *carte* be sent she will forward her own.

KIMO has not been responded to.

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